MUST THE JEW DENY HIS CULTURE?

by Nathan Ausubel

NEW MASSES

December 25, 1945 15¢ In Canada 20¢

SHOULD EZRA POUND BE SHOT?

Five writers indict him as traitor. A reply to his apologists in PM.

Lion Feuchtwanger
Albert Maltz
Eda Lou Walton
Arthur Miller
Norman Rosten

CITY OF STEEL: 1945

by JOHN MAY

CURRICULUM FOR IMPERIALISTS

The meaning of the Harvard Report

by ALBAN WINSPEAR

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THIS is the time of year for red candles, ribbon and tinsel-decked trees, the ringing of bells and carol singing. It is also the time of talk and preaching of peace on earth, good will toward men, and it doesn't take a Marxist to feel the grave discrepancy between the Word and the Deed this Christmas.

Not so long before the festival day this year we had a vivid experience of the will that *can* bring good will and peace on earth. We were invited to hear the report brought back from the World Trade Union Congress, meeting in Paris, by Charles Collins, an official in the AFL Hotel and Restaurant Employes Union, who had gone as an observer. (Top councils of the AFL, NM readers remember, declined to join in such a body since they would have to sit down beside not only the Soviet trade unions, but worse, the CIO.) The report was presented at a sort of half party, half meeting given by the Negro Labor Victory Committee and the Council on African Affairs to welcome Mr. Collins back, and the audience, composed of representatives of dozens of democratic organizations, was intently absorbed.

As we listened to the account, which centered around the many colonial delegates, we too forgot we were sitting in the gay surroundings of Club 65 of the Wholesale, Retail and Warehouse Workers' Union. The deep meaning of that great convocation came through a little clearer as one heard about delegates from Nigeria, the Gold Coast, South Africa, India, China (both Yenan and Chungking), delegates from the newly reconstituted trade unions all over Europe, from fifty-six countries of the world. Delegates who had come fresh from years in jail over roundabout routes as interested officials prevented their passage by this or that way, delegates who were actually held up, but who managed to get word through to London and got proxies to attend for them. Little S. A. Danghe from India, straight from fifteen years in jail, representing hundreds of thousands. Some unions emptied their entire treasuries to send their representatives. This was no gathering of well-padded bureaucrats, but the most loyal, most fearless, most resolute and most successful democrats the world has ever seen, bent on the cooperation of working people everywhere. So much courage as guest of the proud, brave-in-her-own-right and beautiful city of Paris!

A familiar cold fury came back to us as we remembered the buried, so impartial columns which took notice of the event in the *Times*. It was fit to print. Not fit to print, however, was the end of this particular odyssey of democracy. For there was another welcome for the wanderer before this one we shared, a welcome from the homeland as the vessel loaded with cheering, frantically happy GI's drew into the great harbor of Hampton Roads. There is no Statue of Liberty in Hampton Roads, but there is a Jim Crow ferry.

We signed up before the evening was out as a delegate from NEW MASSES to protest next Wednesday along with councilman Ben Davis, Jr. the continuing police brutality against Negroes in the City of New York. V. S.

THE editorial in our November 27 issue on establishing an American Jewish History Week has brought some very interesting response. It was sent to a number of people—Jews and non-Jews: rabbis, educators, trade union leaders—and practically all of them agreed that such a project could be an extremely valuable step toward combatting anti-Semitism. The magazine would very much like all of its readers' reactions to this plan. (See page 17.)

SPEAKING of letters, undoubtedly most readers, both as individuals and part of organizations, have written to their Congressmen on China. But you'd be surprised how many other people haven't as yet. Not because they aren't well informed, and indignant; not that they don't realize what the present US policy means and will lead to—simply because, on the whole, people have not yet learned what kind of pressure must be exercised by millions to bring about changes. Make it a point to ask everyone you meet whether or not he has written to Rep. Sol Bloom, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, urging public hearings on the Quit-China Resolution (introduced by Rep. Hugh DeLacy of Washington) and to his own Congressman, insisting on complete support of the resolution.

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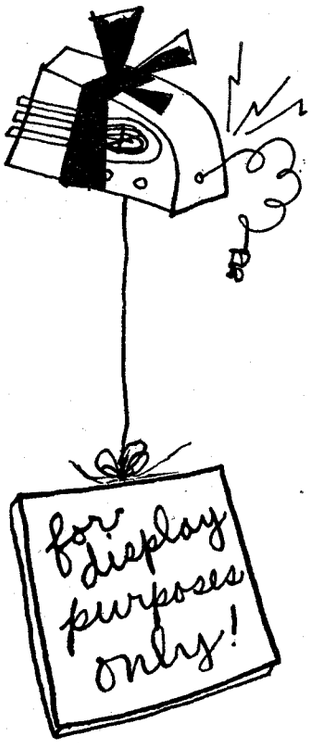

THAT'S a lovely electric refrigerator up there. Or is it the washing machine you've got your eyes glued on? You're tired of washing diapers in the washbowl? The radio's been dead for months? You want a toaster to mind your toast to just that color of brown in the ads? An electric iron? A vacuum cleaner? Replacements for those dear dilapidated gadgets you got just before Joe went to war?

Well, you can't just wish those tags off those lovely beauties. And the lovely ads are blackmail. Those washers are waiting, waiting in storehouses, known and unknown. Waiting "for more profit from the OPA," "stored waiting for tax reduction." "Radio manufacturers are engaged in a sit-down production strike," "pending OPA action on adjustment of ceiling prices." Pending adjustment of all the strikes for the family paycheck, pending the breaking of the labor unions, pending slipping through Congress of a dozen crippling anti-union acts, pending the establishment as undisputed fact the right of the big corporations to all the billion-dollar superprofits they think they can squeeze from the work of the most skilled labor force in the world. The documentation of the United Radio, Electrical and Machine Workers-CIO, who last week published a plant-by-plant survey of where those gadgets were, is part of the larger documentation against monopoly's determination to make America's economy decisively its property, come breadlines or fascism. Housewives and their husbands have more at stake than the longed-for washing machine. The issue is the whole of the postwar America we worked and fought for: OPA, FEPC, fair taxes, fair paychecks and all the legislation for the little man for which UE, Steel, the UAW are on the battle lines fighting. The pen, the typewriter, the ladles and pots of the picket-line soup kitchen are the gadgets to win the gadgets for next Christmas.

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SHOULD EZRA POUND BE SHOT?

Five Writers Indict Him as a Traitor. A Reply to His Apologists in "PM."

Isidor Schneider, in NM, December 11, pointed out that the defense in the treason trial of Ezra Pound was trading on the bourgeois concept of poet as "holy idiot." Mr. Schneider discussed the viewpoints of five American poets and an American critic who, he said, "pre-endorsed Pound's holy idiot defense" in the November 25 issue of PM. The poets were E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, Conrad Aiken and Karl Shapiro. The critic was F. O. Matthiessen, of Harvard. Mr. Schneider, arguing that Pound deserved a traitor's fate, asked the six who wrote the PM statements: "After reading the excerpts from Pound's broadcasts do you want to let those statements stand?" (According to PM, they had not seen the excerpts from Pound's broadcasts.)

Below we publish Prof. Matthiessen's reply. In addition PM prints the viewpoints on this case sent us by Albert Maltz, author of The Cross and the Arrow, *Eda Lou Walton, poet and co-editor of* This Generation; *Arthur Miller, author of the novel* Focus, *Norman Rosten, poet, author of* The Fourth Decade, *and Lion Feuchtwanger, the eminent anti-fascist German novelist.*

Lion Feuchtwanger

THERE can be no objection whatever when a poet sets himself above the ramparts of party and withdraws into the clouds or an ivory tower. But when, during war, he uses his cloud or his ivory tower as a sniper's post, he must be prepared to be dragged down and placed in the dock. He who regards the aim of justice to be not to avenge but to deter cannot draw a distinction between the talented or untalented wrecker. On the contrary, through respect for his art he can with the clearest conscience imprison or hang the wrecker-poet.

Albert Maltz

OVER the Italian radio a voice shouted anti-Semitism, offered glorification of fascism, urged treason upon Americans. The voice spoke in wartime, and it belonged to an American citizen. For this an American court indicted the voice and the person. It could have done no less.

For the same crime, the British sentenced Lord Haw Haw and John Amery. For the same crime, the United States will try Tokyo Rose. For an equivalent crime, the people of the United States made Benedict Arnold's name one to spit upon.

And yet some say that the voice and person of Ezra Pound should be inviolate. I submit that he is not less guilty than the others, but more guilty. He is not less guilty because he is a poet—he is more guilty *because* he is a poet.

When a poet becomes the enemy of Man—when a poet stoops to the vile wolfishness of racial hatred—when a poet, who inherits the humanitarian culture of the ages, betrays his heritage and his talent to fascist thieves, sadists and murderers—then what is he? He is unspeakable—he is carrion.

If Ezra Pound were a lawyer, doctor, businessman or factory worker, no voice would be raised in his defense. Yet it is *because* he is a poet that he should be hanged, not once but twice—for treason, as a citizen, and for his poet's betrayal of all that is decent in human civilization.

Let him not be buried in Potter's Field. For him there should be a plot of ground close by Arlington Cemetery for all to see. And there, flat upon his grave, a black tombstone, fittingly inscribed: "Here lies Ezra Pound, poet, who sought to betray Man to fascism. He was executed by the will of the people of the United States."

Do I sound savage? Yes—I remember the corpses of Buchenwald, Dachau, Maidanek. Who dares forget them?

Eda Lou Walton

IT IS difficult perhaps to be sure that Ezra Pound is sane. Having had letters from him on the occasion of every review I ever wrote of his work, I know the violence which he manifests toward any who judge him as not quite the greatest of the great. But Pound's disease, whatever form of egomania it may be, is not exclusive. Many of our artists have suffered from it. Undernourished, or feeling undernourished, by American "culture," they have become a "class" to themselves. They write for each other, talk to each other, huddle together in fearful inaction. Lately they have all become curiously obsessed with a sense of personal guilt about everything—particularly about, it would seem, the fact of having been born. Earlier they had the past to look to and the old world to retire to and other cultures than American to admire. Exiled even from these now, they must live in America, but not be of it. To be of it would be to be bourgeois, commercial, political—all the things that are impure. Not since the days of Edward Arlington Robinson have they recognized clearly what they fled from or to.

Your dollar is your only word
The wrath of it you only fear

The culture of the dollar is disguised in other countries better than it is here. The American poet in England or in France had, he said, a "tradition." Actually he did have a larger audience, for the few were better read. We have not had built into us here the reverence, intelligent or ignorant, for the poet. I doubt if our gentlemen of wealth read as much poetry as do the English or the French. This may explain why we have cultivated beyond and above French symbolism the picture of the poet as the holy idiot. Here the poet has come to think even more exclusively of the word, as the businessman has come to think more exclusively of digits. And the word became God. Satan, on the other hand, was, and is still, largely unrecognized. That he takes the shape of the bourgeoisie most would grant. That he is big business a few have thought too.

Each of us might become some pattern of idiocy if his only reality were himself and his pen. The older artists suffer from what Burke calls a conditioned incapacity. Robinson saw all dreamers in our society as the saintly failures. And since in truth (or dollars and cents) the poets are failures here, they have built themselves up a particular kind of almost religious fanaticism. Beauty, they feel, is not to be found in our citadels to Mammon, but within the word. Each writes to be eaten, to be drunk. As for fertility, they have so impregnated each other, many of these poets, that each important father-poet has a host of children. And incest may bring a divine madness. What I am saying, half seriously and half humorously is that Pound is not alone

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Ezra Pound, Silvershirt

MARCH 17, 1936

New Masses

APRIL 10 1934

Silver Shirts Among The Gold

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

"New Masses" exposes Pound in 1936.

in his suffering from a supreme and neurotic contempt for everything he does not love or know. And today most of the older and more polished and cleverly self-publicized artists love only themselves and know only themselves. Many of them have quite obviously become intellectual fascists—not dangerous, perhaps, for they feel action, even the signing of a petition, to be impure and unworthy of their position—but declaring that if they must choose between the common man and the present chaos, they prefer chaos. Cummings certainly has always preferred it; a lost romantic, he likes contradictions and confusions and he hates any levelling out. Aiken is brother mourner in Eliot's Wasteland. Shapiro is a peculiar case. He has been savagely defending himself from Army anonymity and is now, I've heard, inclined toward saving his personal soul. Matthiessen tried, I think, to say what I have tried to say and perhaps failed to point out.

Certainly Pound should be tried. Certainly he is a traitor. Only the best psychiatrist could test how far his disease, which is social and never so recognized, has driven him from sanity. And certainly, thank heaven, certainly, there are a whole group of poets who have torn at the walls of whatever it is that has imprisoned them. They were much in evidence in the depression years, but they were peculiarly depression poets. What cheers me more is that later some became political poets. And still later, and coming out from so many only half articulate throats of the very young today, there is a literature of resistance to exile and self-adulating loneliness, a literature of brotherly love, humane and very humble before all that is human and alive.

Arthur Miller

IN THE belief that Ezra Pound's trial for treason is of high importance to the future direction of American letters, and poetry in particular, I should like to offer my commentary on the reaction of five poets and a critic to the Pound case in the newspaper *PM* of Sunday, November 25. The majority of the reactions are alarming.

All six agree that Pound's contribution to literature was of the highest order. With this no man can argue.

With the exception of Louis Untermeyer and possibly F. O. Matthiessen, the poets believe Pound's propaganda for fascism undangerous, either in the past, or if Pound is freed in the future. Says Mr. Cummings: "Every artist's illimitable country is himself." Which in its context, means that the poet has no responsibility for what he says so long as he means what he says.

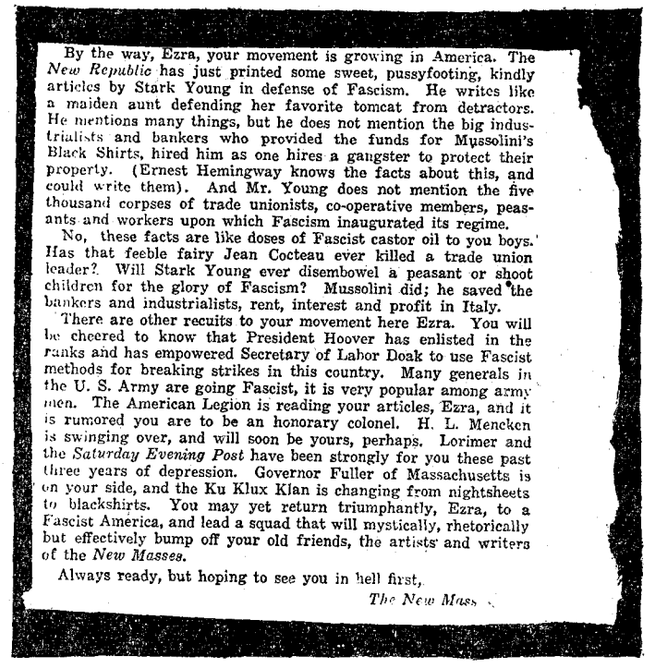
William Carlos Williams believes that "He [Pound] isn't dangerous, they [the press] are." Karl Shapiro opines that "as a US citizen he committed the crime of not reversing his beliefs after Mussolini came to blows with Jefferson." Conrad Aiken finds that Pound merely "betrayed a particular society of men for man in the abstract." And F. O. Matthiessen, although urging justice be done, feels that Pound's propaganda was "far too old and literary to have had an effect."

If I may be pardoned some non-poetical language, the boys are cutting the baloney pretty thick. Shapiro ought to know that Pound is not accused of not "reversing his beliefs," but of aiding and abetting the enemy by broadcasting propaganda calculated to undermine the American will to fight fascism. And Mr. Aiken ought to know by now that Pound did not betray himself to "man in the abstract" but to Mussolini whose victims are, to be sure, now buried and abstract, but who was a most real, most unpoetical type of a fellow.

And not being a poet, I used to listen, now and then, to Ezra Pound sending from Europe, and I can tell Mr. Matthiessen that in his wildest moments of human vilification Hitler never approached our Ezra. For sheer obscenity Ezra took the cake. But more, he knew all America's weaknesses and he played them as expertly as Goebbels ever did and with an effect equal to any short-wave propagandist. He was neither "odd" nor "literary." His stuff was straight fascism with all the anti-Semitism, anti-foreignism included.

But it is not the absence of political acumen or simple legal knowledge that is so alarming in the reactions of these poets, who are correctly characterized by *PM* as leaders in the field. It is rather that they have given notice in these replies that in their view they include themselves in this. They even go so far as to advance the astonishing thesis that the laws punishing treason cannot apply to poets.

I ask these gentlemen what they would say if four well-known bridge engineers asked such immunity for another bridge engineer who had gone abroad to work and propagandize for the enemy? Would they be willing to absolve such a traitor on the ground that he had given America many beautiful bridges? What do they say now when Hjalmar Schacht maintains that he cannot be guilty of "crimes against humanity" since he operated only as a businessman, and calls upon American businessmen to de-



By the way, Ezra, your movement is growing in America. The *New Republic* has just printed some sweet, pussyfooting, kindly articles by Stark Young in defense of Fascism. He writes like a maiden aunt defending her favorite tomcat from detractors. He mentions many things, but he does not mention the big industrialists and bankers who provided the funds for Mussolini's Black Shirts, hired him as one hires a gangster to protect their property. (Ernest Hemingway knows the facts about this, and could write them). And Mr. Young does not mention the five thousand corpses of trade unionists, co-operative members, peasants and workers upon which Fascism inaugurated its regime.

No, these facts are like doses of Fascist castor oil to you boys. Has that feeble fairy Jean Cocteau ever killed a trade union leader? Will Stark Young ever disembowel a peasant or shoot children for the glory of Fascism? Mussolini did; he saved the bankers and industrialists, rent, interest and profit in Italy.

There are other recuits to your movement here Ezra. You will be cheered to know that President Hoover has enlisted in the ranks and has empowered Secretary of Labor Doak to use Fascist methods for breaking strikes in this country. Many generals in the U. S. Army are going Fascist, it is very popular among army men. The American Legion is reading your articles, Ezra, and it is rumored you are to be an honorary colonel. H. L. Mencken is swinging over, and will soon be yours, perhaps. Lorimer and the *Saturday Evening Post* have been strongly for you these past three years of depression. Governor Fuller of Massachusetts is on your side, and the Ku Klux Klan is changing from nightsheets to blackshirts. You may yet return triumphantly, Ezra, to a Fascist America, and lead a squad that will mystically, rhetorically but effectively bump off your old friends, the artists and writers of the *New Masses*.

Always ready, but hoping to see you in hell first,

The New Mass

Open letter to Ezra Pound by Mike Gold, September 1931, "New Masses."

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fend him. An engineer, a businessman, can contribute to fascism as such. Why not a poet even as a poet?

It is clear why four of the poets draw this spurious distinction between the rest of humanity and the practitioners of their craft. They simply have lost all respect for the integrity and the power of the word. For a very long time now our poets have been bewailing, supposedly, the state of mankind whose salvation awaits the sacred moment when poets will be taken seriously. Now the nation *has* taken a poet seriously and how do our poets react? With girlish fright mixed with claims to a sacrosanct inviolability such as no Indian witch-doctor would dare to invoke. A poet is taken seriously and they deny us the right to take him seriously. The only conclusion a sane man can draw from four of the six replies is that our poets are afraid of being examined too closely in the light of common sense, asking to be left alone by society to spin their personal, but not really serious, complaint. Can their stuff really be as empty as all that?

Indeed, I should have imagined that our four poets would have leaped like tigers upon the opportunity of asserting Pound's responsibility for everything he *ever* said. Especially since he was such a real poet, such a good poet. But they have treated him as though he were one of their legendary businessmen, a veritable philistine whose words are traditionally beneath the notice of intelligent people. To my mind, these five gentlemen have forfeited their own right to be taken seriously by mankind. In asking us to laugh away Ezra Pound they have demonstrated that they regard themselves as poseurs and harmless clowns, facile entertainers who really do not mean what they say but simply speak and write in a modishly elevated sphere of life. They who bemoan their separation from the public as the cause of poetry's demise have now made that separation complete in this, their final flippancy. For the real pay-off, of course, is that they had the incredible audacity to judge a question of treason without bothering to read the allegedly traitorous propaganda the accused is being held for! It was enough that the accused once wrote some fine poetry. For them no further proof of his irresponsibility, his silliness, is required. Thus they have defined "poet" for their age.

In conclusion may I say that without much effort one could find a thousand poets and writers who understand not only why Pound was dangerous and treasonous, but why he will be even more so if released. In a world where humanism must conquer lest humanity be destroyed, literature must nurture the conscience of man. A greater calamity cannot befall the art than that Ezra Pound, the Mussolini mouthpiece, should be welcomed back as an arbiter of American letters, an eventuality not to be dismissed if the court adopts the sentiments of these four poets.

Norman Rosten

THE case for and against Ezra Pound, as it is shaping up in such comments as those in *PM* of November 25, is for the most part based upon a general and shared confusion. No one at the moment is interested in Pound's prosody or his contribution to art. He was a great poet and his poems will undoubtedly continue to be read. But all this is quite beside the point. We are not evaluating his poems. The case against Mr. Pound is a public and political one. Mr. Pound joined the war. He became a fascist hireling. He contributed to the murder of the innocent. He was a little fish, true, and maybe some of the big ones got away, and some of the native fascist fish still aren't caught and perhaps won't be, but Mr. Pound was caught with his words in his mouth, and let him be judged!

He was the poets' representative and he cheapened us, degraded us. Because he was a poet his crime is millionfold. Because he was a traitor, he should be shot. Or what else do we do with traitors these days? Send them on lecture tours? Have them write reviews for magazines? It was all a charming war, wasn't it?

Karl Shapiro, commenting in *PM*, dryly remarks, "If there is any principle involved, I should like to know what it is." The principle, Mr. Shapiro, is justice. Not poetic justice, just the ordinary prose kind, the kind certain poets have more difficulty in understanding than millions of people who damn well know the principle involved and will remember it for the rest of their lives. It is unfortunate indeed that Mr. Pound considered his poisonous mouthings akin to the innocence of poetry. It was not. And Mr. Pound shall find death no clever metaphor.

The fascists murdered the great people's poet Frederico Garcia Lorca in Spain, without cause, and here we have the spectacle of American writers becoming apologetic for a known and proved fascist propagandist. It has the grisly humor of a surrealist dream. The tradition of the irresponsibility of the artist is very old, and it is not too surprising to find a defense of that shaky tradition with certain hesitations, explanations, reservations, numerous remarks, and other intellectual trappings. "As an eccentric he [Pound] must now be judged," says F. O. Matthiessen. Goebbels (haven't you heard?) was an eccentric playwright, Hitler an eccentric painter, Ribbentrop an eccentric diplomat. They are all eccentrics at Nuremberg, and some, like Hess, are even quaintly mad.

By their deeds, not by their eccentricities. By their words, gentlemen. By their evil openly practiced. For we assume the war that ended and the war continuing is a very serious one, and the dead far beyond Mr. Pound's imagery, and the reckoning must be serious and equivalent to the crime or else we are not worthy of being alive.

F. O. Matthiessen

IN RESPONSE to Isidor Schneider's comments I should like to say that I had read some of Pound's broadcasts before writing my comment for *PM*. I certainly believe a poet to be responsible for his political opinions. But it strikes me that my main function as a critic is—in this situation—to try to comprehend the total social context of Pound's views, so that we may recognize the danger signs in the drift of the Bohemian into the admirer of Mussolini, and thereby help prevent them from happening again. To explain how a man arrived at his views is not to explain them away. I believe, as my comment indicated, that Pound's broadcasts make him guilty of treason. However, as a civilian, it would seem to be no part of my function to bay for anyone's blood. I consider it my duty to try to make reasoned statements from which just conclusions can be drawn.

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THE DEAN: CANTERBURY PILGRIM

By REV. WILLIAM H. MELISH

READING *The Soviet Power* by Hewlett Johnson did to me what it did to countless others. It awakened an interest in a new form of society that would eliminate the wastefulness and the contradictions all around us and permit of a broader application of modern technology to human needs. That this book was written by a churchman identified with the sedate and slumbering mother-shrine of the English-speaking world seemed a paradox. I took a personal interest in Hewlett Johnson. And when I learned that he was flying to America to spend ten days in our midst, I quite unashamedly solicited the job of serving as his companion, private secretary and assistant.

Our plans to greet him did not work out. Fog blanketed the entire coast. Word came that the Douglas transport we were expecting had been downed at Presque Ile in the northern tip of Maine. A phone call to the station master at Presque Ile revealed a train would leave in an hour, the commanding officer at the Army airport promised to help with the clearance, and then the Dean's voice came over the telephone: "Just get me on that train. Don't bother about a compartment. If need be, let me ride on the buffer."

I met him in Boston at dawn. The Bangor Express—dignified title for a string of milk cars with a work-coach and a Pullman at the end—puffed into North Station. It was gray, drizzling and penetrating. Then there he stood smiling, the now familiar, tall, lean, athletic figure in apron and gaiters.

We breakfasted on the train to New York. With a touch of envy he looked at the menu and I was filled with a sense of shame. That they didn't have the bacon that was printed there eased us both, and from that point on we frankly enjoyed the luscious Arizona honey-dew, cream with our cereal, sausages and eggs (I had heard dreadful tales of flour sausages and dried egg powder in Britain), and good black coffee. That morning he was hungry, though later he constantly complained that we gave him far too much to eat. "In England in wartime," he counselled, "we older people by and large were healthier than ever before, in spite of the limited diet. All of us eat too much."

I had to edit the manuscript of his Madison Square Garden speech and have it ready on our arrival at Grand Central. I was impressed by its utter simplicity, its condensation of experience, its essential rightness of belief. It set us talking and we began then a series of conversations which were to last throughout the week, in which I deliberately sought to set my own painfully acquired impressions of the Soviet Union over against his firsthand experience. Perhaps I shall be forgiven if I say that his confirmation of my basic views profoundly gratified and reassured me. I had brought an English pamphlet by Bogolerov on "The Soviet Financial System" to read in the train. No sooner did he see it than it was in his hands and he immersed in it. And I learned the tremendous fascination which social theory has for his quick and inquisitive mind. Knowing that he would be challenged for his pre-war interest in Social Credit, I asked him how he felt about the Alberta Plan now. "It wasn't a failure," he replied. "It was scuttled at the very start. I still believe in it, but my experience in the Soviet Union has taught me that the most important elements of Social Credit are incorporated in the Soviet financial system—the control of money by the state so that it cannot be a commodity subject to private manipulation and speculation, and the pricing of goods."

When we stepped out of the train at Grand Central, Police Commissioner Wallender and a trio of detectives were on hand to receive us in the name of Mayor LaGuardia and we were all bundled into a waiting limousine and rushed with screaming sirens down Forty-second Street to the East River Drive and Triboro Bridge. The Dean was obviously pleased as Punch. At LaGuardia Field in the Admirals' Club, the first of innumerable press interviews took place. The Dean answered all questions coolly and concisely.

AFTER luncheon at the airport we flew to Washington. There we were taken at once to Mr. Davies' fantastic mansion—a stately house with elegant rooms filled with such a wealth of Russian art and portraiture that one felt as if one were in some great international museum. The uniformed butler called out the names in quick succession of the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of Commerce, five Justices of the Supreme Court, five internationally-minded Senators, the chairman of the House Foreign Relations Committee, four foreign ambassadors, and a score or more of other important personalities. Thanks to Mr. Davies, the Dean was meeting key persons in Washington and I fully realized the importance of this introduction to the United States which the ex-ambassador to Russia was making possible. It was striking to see the Dean speaking on his experiences in the Soviet Union, in Berlin, in Poland and Czechoslovakia with these men, and doing it in a direct and utterly candid manner that was obviously impressing them. Some had undoubtedly come because Mr. Davies had asked them to, and were both skeptical and a little curious about this much-talked-about world figure in the ancient dress, yet he was speaking with them in a way that could scarcely fail to dispell their feelings and command intellectual respect. I was to see this happen again and again during the ensuing days.

Next morning in Washington, the Dean asked to be taken to Howard University to meet Dr. Mordecai Johnson, and to the Washington Cathedral to pay his respects to Bishop Dun and Dean Suter. At Howard he looked admiringly at the portraits on the wall—Julius Rosenwald, Franklin Roosevelt and George Foster Peabody, the university's chief benefactors—and the famous Aggrey of Africa whom the Dean had known in person. He spoke of his deep interest in Booker Washington. The president of Howard quizzed him on the Soviet Union. "Do you feel the Soviets have got hold of a really new and superior form of civilization?" He replied laconically, "I sincerely do." At the Washington Cathedral, he looked at the huge carved pulpit which came from Canterbury and then was fascinated by the elaborate electric light and sound push-button system in the verger's stall. "How my children would love to play with this!" he said. When Dean Suter observed that his verger could cut him off at will, the Dean of Canterbury chuckled, "How my verger would like to do that to me!"

He was surprised by the rank of the

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people who were seeing him. And he was very modest about it. "Two or three years ago," he said, "these prominent men would not have come to see me or permitted me to see them. But the cause I represent has now won so many adherents throughout the world and become so strong that they can no longer disregard me who am its spokesman." I showed him with some trepidation a vicious editorial which appeared that morning in the Washington *Times-Herald* and the New York *Daily News*. He didn't seem at all upset. "I do not personally care whether they say good or bad things about me, so long as they do not ignore me," he said calmly. Later on, in one of the longest interviews that Mayor LaGuardia has had in his twelve years in office, he described how in England no newspaper would carry his speeches or writings, how he was banned from the BBC on the air, and how the Labor Party people at Transport House had refused to let any Transport House personality share the platform with him in public.

FLYING back to New York we struck a fog which had settled down in earnest and obliterated the earth. Over Jersey the plane began to circle foolishly and the stewardess told us we would have to make an instrument landing and that it might be an hour before we could coast in. The Dean relaxed in his chair for a snooze. "I am thoroughly used to flying," he said, "and without any fear. In Russia the military pilots never took the precautions that you take here. They fly everywhere with a kind of abandon. They are absolutely cool and disciplined pilots. On one trip I noticed that the oil line to one of the motors had broken. I called it to the pilot's attention. There was no excitement or fuss. Within five minutes we had landed safely in a field. The planes there fascinated me, for they were the normal means of transportation for all kinds of people, often traveling with their packs and market baskets between towns."

I need not say much of the great rally at Madison Square Garden at which the Dean was the main speaker, for thousands were there and other thousands heard him over the air. It was a remarkable tribute to this man, as he stood on the platform in his apron and gaiters with his odd little suitcase in his hand, erect and smiling, as the spotlights flashed and whirled around the Garden and nearly 22,000 people stood and cheered. I thought of his remark: "People do not come to hear me for what I say, but because I am the Dean of Canterbury and wear this perfectly fantastic costume." What understatement!

This brings me back to his book, because, say what anyone will, it is *The Soviet Power* that has made him a world figure. No one would publish it at first, he told me, and he offered to finance a first printing of several hundred copies privately. Today over 3,000,000 copies have been sold and it has been translated into twenty-two languages. Miss Helen Keller told him that there is now a Braille edition, about which he had not heard. He has copies of most of these editions, but the one of which he is proudest is a paper-backed volume discovered in Holland on the open newsstands by a British Secret Service man the day after the British entered the country. It bore some such title, in French, as *"Opinions and Recipes by Aunt Marie,"* but on the inside title page in tiny letters was *"The Soviet Power*, by Hewlett Johnson." The Dean showed equal delight and pride in a letter from a British soldier in a Ruhr town who had discovered that a thousand Communists had lived there underground without bowing their knee to Hitler and that, since they had come out in the open with the end of the war, their numbers had increased to 4,000 and the textbook they were using was a Paris-printed German edition of *The Soviet Power*.

The Dean was invited to the United States to speak on Anglo-American-Soviet friendship. And he has told audiences again and again his impressions of the Soviet Union and eastern European countries visited in the course of this past summer. With an extraordinary sense of the things that come first, he emphasized the moral character of the Soviet system and its effectiveness, very skillfully countering the propaganda that the system is a new serfdom and the lies about the Red Army in occupied territory. I admit that my own first reaction to *The Soviet Power* was a feeling that it was an over-simplification of a fundamentally valid case; I was prepared to find that the Dean was what press propaganda calls him — "an unrestrained enthusiast." Quite the contrary, I have never heard him dodge an honest harsh verdict on any aspect of Soviet organization and practice; he faces it objectively and forces his antagonist to look at the fact in terms of the historical and environmental circumstances. Again and again, the result is to make one sympathetic with the difficult problems with which the Soviet leadership is wrestling.

The charge is constantly thrown at the Dean that he saw in the Soviet Union only what he was permitted to see. Now that I have lived with him, I know how fantastic is such a charge. Whether he was asking questions about the towns our train was passing through, or playing with the electric light push-buttons in Washington Cathedral, or examining with utter fascination the waiter's hot-table in the Waldorf-Astoria, this man revealed what he himself describes as "an insatiable curiosity." It is simply inconceivable that he could have spent three months in the Soviet Union without sticking his nose into everything. And the Russians, who sincerely respect him, let him go everywhere. I asked him if he were shadowed by the police. "In my first three days with you in New York," he said, "I saw more of the police than I did in all three months in Russia." He was accompanied only by his exceedingly gifted interpreter and went wherever he wished to go.

THE Dean had no occasion publicly to voice his opinions on British social evolution. However, in his talk with Mayor LaGuardia, he expressed his conviction that Britain would eventually move to the socialization of all basic industries and that he felt more and more middle-class Britons were beginning to realize that such socialization would be a good thing and that an adequate society might still leave a peripheral area for individual initiative. The Mayor expressed surprise at the landslide for the Labor Party, when British Trade Union delegates only a few weeks before had predicted simply an increase of eighty seats in Parliament for their party. Then, to my astonishment the Dean said, "I believe my speaking won more votes for the Labor Party than any other factor. During the war years I spoke again and again before innumerable enormous meetings from Land's End to John o' Groats. In Manchester, the two largest cinema houses were sold out three times running. In Belfast one of the largest halls was jammed to capacity. And, of all places, in Aberdeen 2,500 people paid admission to hear me, and subscribed several hundred pounds in the collection. The Labor Party

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disowned me, the BBC would not broadcast me, the national newspapers all boycotted my speeches, but the local papers gave me whole pages. In spite of all, the British people began to ask, 'If the Soviets can do what they have done, why can't we?' And when the election came, it was admiration for Russia that rolled up that enormous vote for domestic socialism. But the tragedy is that the popular demand for socialism has elected Labor Party old-line leadership which does not want socialism! They are bitterly anti-Soviet. The result is that today the back benches in Parliament and the younger men in the Labor Party are very restless. They are forcing a more radical program upon the old leadership and eventually they will replace many of the present top men. We are faced with a real tragedy in Britain. The present Labor government has come up out of the trade unions; it is really very provincial in its thinking. The trade union leaders see the Soviet Union where the trade unions are a functional part of the whole society, and they hate the Soviet trade unions because they are no longer the private domain—the vested interest—of trade union leaders."

"Hey, what about me?"

The Dean of Canterbury is shrewd, honest and absolutely fearless. The same indomitable courage that took him into Barcelona when the bombs were falling is still speaking its mind in spite of seventy-one years. When he had his say in Calvary Church, New York, before a precedent-shattering crowd of 500 New York Protestant, Orthodox and Jewish ministers with one or two curious Roman Catholic laymen from academic circles, and Archbishop Alexei of Yaroslav and Rostov sitting in the third pew, one of New York's younger leaders in the ministry was heard to say, "This is the first time in months that I felt Christianity in a Christian church."

Even in the White House the Dean —in most tactful and courteous language—administered to the President what was in substance a quiet rebuke. The discussion had centered on the release of atomic energy and its amazing possibilities for mankind. Mr. Truman's mind seemed fixed on the dangers rather than the potentialities. "I feel it is our last chance," he had said soberly: "If we fail, it is the end of civilization." Replied the Dean, and one could feel both the courage and the stimulating buoyancy of his conviction, "I do not think there will be an end to civilization. I feel sure the solution will be found. None of these things comes to mankind until mankind is ready for it. There will be difficulties in applying this new discovery but the sequel will be good."

ONE thing that particularly struck me about the Dean was the utter absence of hate. I never heard him attack any one or any thing. He seemed to prefer placing before people a clear idea of what they might have if they only understood how to get it. He appealed to their inner faith and essential hope, and again and again I saw people respond to his approach with unfettered eagerness. It was always a stimulation of the best in them, never an appeal to the worst.

As he boarded the plane at La Guardia Field to start his journey back to England, his parting shaft was in this characteristic vein. A reporter had asked if forces were driving the United States to socialism. "Yes," he answered, "world economic forces! As one American said to me, when he had seen the strides in planning made in Russia, 'Couldn't we make this thing hum?' In England, there was the fear that socialism would cripple individual initiative. We are finding that this is not true. My brother, for instance, who is in business, has already felt the benefit to his business of the socialization of the railroads and the mines. Transportation and coal are both cheaper. The value to individual enterprise in the economies thus made is enormous. The value to the individual is great, too. People have more money for luxuries when they save on the essentials, and such luxuries, as the standard of living rises, become necessities. This is happening in England. Without the fetters of the capitalistic system there is just no end to the possibilities of production. In Russia, there is the tremendous exhilaration which comes from working always for a full boom. There is not the conflict, for instance, that my brother experiences. He is a financier as well as a producer. And this financial self is always at war with his productive self. He knows the wonders of production he *could* accomplish. But he must restrain himself. He must make circles within circles: cartels, arrangements, other cartels to keep production down and thus keep prices up."

"Is socialism advancing in England?" he was asked just before he stepped into the plane. "In the truly quiet English manner," he replied with good humor. "There is an advance toward greater planned economy—nothing violent—but nothing needs to be violent any more. The ways are well tested. It is coming slowly. Not as quickly, of course, as some would like. It is the English way for spearhead thinkers to go far in advance. Then they slowly bring up the level of the thinking of the masses. And, finally, the conservative elements come along and cash in on it, and administer it. That is the way it always is in England." He smiled and made his farewells to those who were there to see him off. The Dean of Canterbury had come and gone.

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SALT AND PEPPER . . . By JOEL BRADFORD

VARIATIONS ON A BACH THEME

As I look back upon the late appearances of this column, it seems to me that the title contrasts very oddly with the sober utterances beneath. Yet nothing will lead a writer into solemn prose quite so readily as the sense that he has things to say which need saying. The mantle of prophecy descends, the voice assumes oracular tone, and words of pith and substance assail the neighboring ear.

I might have shunned, for once, all comment on our little world and our great atom, if I had not lately seen how the private tragedies of men mix with the social. In a brief interval I had news of the death of two friends, and I was spectator of two painful accidents. None of these was due to our society, except perhaps so far as it impedes the growth of medical science and discourages the means of common safety. The losses, the injuries seemed a wanton increase of calamity. Death already abounds, and there is agony enough in the wreckage of war. Must nature, then, mere physical circumstance, also demonstrate upon those we love the immensity of its power?

There is, I suppose, no older question, and generations had discussed it before Aeschylus dreamed his Promethean dream. It is some measure of the continuity, if not the advance, of civilization that we can ask the question now. We know, of course, that once the social tragedy is surmounted, the private tragedies can be made less frequent and less numerous. When profit no longer infects with violence even the smallest transactions, our lives will be far more free from shock, and the consequences of our physiology, though perhaps inescapable, can be postponed. Meanwhile we are left to seek an absurd but genuine comfort in the thought that those who die from some organic failure have at least escaped death for the conveniences of empire.

In somewhat this mind I came home, after a long day, with a new album of the *Goldberg Variations* under my arm. I had a newspaper too, full of the latest rumors and interpretations, maintaining that compromise between truth and policy which results in a profusion of loaded language: "REDS REJECT U.S. PLEA," "LABOR THREATENS NEW STRIKES," "BYRNES ASKS FREE ELECTIONS." Reading all this, I wondered how Chinese and Indonesians, how Moslems and Hindus, how Africans and Europeans and we ourselves might ever come to freedom across so formidable a barrier of lies. Amid the shriek of night-spirits and the mumbling of wolves at nocturnal feasts, when, I wondered, will the world roll round again, a fairer order under the sun? And then I sat down to listen to Bach.

WHAT disappeared from public life with the death of Mr. Roosevelt was not leadership alone, but morality. By such a term I mean no maudlin, schoolmasterish thing, no mere subservience to rule, no cult of innocence in a wicked world. I mean simply the sense that men are one, that common men have their interests in common, that, though there are gains worth sacrifice, there are no gains worth oppression. If I, by exploiting my fellow-citizens, get a little profit in the midst of violence, so Americans, by levying tribute on the Orient, will gain a little luxury in the midst of war. Neither the profit nor the luxury can make us happy. We find ourselves near the ultimate madness of destroying everything because we would not nourish anything. Wasn't this the madness with which we taunted Hitler?

Ethics is another name for sanity, but there are few signs of either in "higher" circles. The greater the physical power released to man, the smaller seem the minds planning the use of it, the weaker and more shriveled the hearts. What glory can there be in fifty men's saying to the world's two billion, "We shall rule, or you shall perish?" Yet the fifty find it glorious, and daily discourse through their syndicated hacks such boasting as would have made Thersites blush. What wisdom can there be in deceiving all hopes, in betraying all promises, in proclaiming a new age and prolonging the habits of an old? Yet these men actually think that wisdom climbed out of the ape and tiger on purpose to reside with them.

By this time the *Variations* were unfolding, and I began to learn. Bach was discussing his subject, presenting now this aspect and now that, careful to modify the serious by the gay, the plaintive by the cordial, the graceful by the massive. It was plain that, by the end, nothing would be left unknown. So Marx discussed society, and Shakespeare the human mind. So we must study our world, to find those forces which now modify, and can at last eclipse, the purposes of selfish men; to learn that the conflicts of history, like the dissonances of a fugue, are all moving toward a resolution. What is wanted is not anguish of heart, but mastery of the medium.

And so I came to the thirtieth variation, a *quodlibet*, a do-what-you-will, in which Bach frees himself from concentration on the original theme. Instead, he shows what he can do with two popular songs, "Cabbage and Turnips" and "I Have Been So Long Away from Thee." Composers have a very democratic trait of eagerly seizing such material, but they seldom draw out of it what Bach does here. For from the transmutation of these songs arose not the sufferings and defeats, the errors and wanderings, nor even the victorious moments, but the final majesty of man, who holds the planet between thumb and finger and moulds it to his wish.

Our struggle seems like an assault from outer darkness upon the gates of heaven. If so, we have much to learn from one who was never out of it, heaven being, as I think, one of Bach's inventions. The thunder thus leaping from a modest tune can overmatch atomic fission. One hears that thunder roaring down the wind, silencing the squeak of statesmen, shattering the breath of sycophants, causing the man of commerce to tremble at his ledgers. (What is that awful noise? We must soundproof the walls.)

No, my little ledger-man, there is no proofing against that sound. You hear it in China, don't you? and in Malaya and India and Africa and the Balkans. You hear it from us, who conquered the Nazis and can conquer fascism anywhere. We are the artists and musicians, the scientists and philosophers, the workers of factory and farm. Do not mistake our power. What old Sebastian did with *Kraut und Rueben*, history will do with us.

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BEHIND THE HARVARD REPORT

By ALBAN WINSPEAR

"PHILOSOPHY is a class science," remarked Karl Marx. That education is too, the Harvard Report, the product of a $60,000 grant, the ingenuity of Harvard College and two years research, will also demonstrate.* To labor, progressives and genuine democrats the work should be a signal of alarm. As American reaction increasingly lusts after the fleshpots of imperialism, American educators will inevitably seek out and find the appropriate educational patterns. Porter Sargent, the stormy petrel of American education, takes note of the book thus: "Under the still effective slogan of 'freedom' the present administration at Harvard plans to remodel the curriculum so that there will be less freedom. Ironically the plan is published under the title *General Education in a Free Society*. . . . The 264-page report opens with two quotations. The first, in praise of the Harvard administration, quotes the words that Thucydides put into the mouth of the politician Pericles to justify himself to the angry Athenians: 'We need no Homer to praise us. Rather we have opened the whole earth and sea to our enterprise.' The second quotation, from Plato's *Republic*, would seem to make it clear that Harvard hereafter shall be devoted to indoctrination and propaganda: 'Youth is the time when the character is being molded and easily takes any impress one may wish to stamp upon it. Shall we then simply allow our children to listen to any stories that anyone happens to make up and so receive into their minds ideas often the very opposite to those we shall think they ought to have when they are grown up?' "

Running through the report we find that the changes proposed would lead the students to "reach a settled outlook," that "school and college . . . should play the same binding, unifying part for the individual." "The Impact of Social Change" one senses is ominous, to be guarded against. The "Search for Unity" is suggestive of the "unity of the Middle Ages," which has been so long promoted in the history department. In "Traits of Mind" the emphasis is on "logical thinking," "effective thinking," "sound policies." (Not that anyone could object to these laudable ideals. But the actual content of such logic and such sound policy needs ruthless examination by labor and the people.)

The book has been accorded reverential treatment by such divergent organs of reactionary popularization as *Time* Magazine and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Here clearly is not simply an idle piping from the groves of Academe. It is rather a challenge to the whole American educational system to face the problems of a changed day.

To draw on Porter Sargent once more, "Dr. Fine in the New York *Times* shrewdly comments, 'In view of the authority behind this study, there can be little doubt but that it will wield considerable influence.' The Boston *Herald* commended it for 'swinging back toward authority.' For those to whom colorful emotionally surcharged words seem appropriate, the report might be said to reveal a 'fascist tendency.' " Unsophisticated freshmen who enter Harvard College assume that they are entering an institution devoted to the unbiased search for truth. This book makes it only too clear that they are to enter a slick machine for indoctrination and reactionary propaganda.

IN ORDER to appreciate the dilemmas which the authors of this study are trying to resolve, a glance into history may be helpful. As the authors properly observe, "The concept of liberal education first appeared in a slave-owning society, like that in Athens, in which the community was divided into freemen and slaves, rulers and ruled." This is quite correct. Society has always had techniques for transmitting the heritage of communal living, for enabling man to manipulate and control his material environment. What did develop uniquely among the Greeks was the intellectual and emotional technique of class domination, the preservation of the privileges of an aristocratic land-owning class, not only against the clamor of the slaves but as much against the turbulence of free citizens, merchants, artisans and dispossessed peasants, all who dwelt outside the charmed (or charming) circle of aristocracy.

It was the unique contribution of Greek aristocrats, the Pythagoreans dimly, Plato with splendid articulation, to lay down the classical patterns of aristocratic or liberal education.* The outlook of aristocracy in a tiny city-state was enlarged by the Stoics and made commensurate with the needs of a universal empire. Later as the cracks and fissures in the foundations of a slave-owning empire began to be manifest, the Christian Platonists at Alexandria, Clement and Origen, transformed the essentially popular and revolutionary impulses of early Christianity and achieved a tight amalgam with aristocratic idealism. The blend which they then achieved has survived as the intellectual keep and inner bastion of a privileged minority even to our own day. St. Augustine accommodated this blend to the governing hierarchy of the dying imperial structure and to the bleak pessimism about human nature appropriate to a world in decay. The "Neo-Platonist" Plotinus, with his despair of the power of the human intellect to comprehend the world, did the same thing for pagan thought, outside the Church. The result was ideally adapted to be the spiritual and intellectual rampart of feudal and medieval privilege. In the heyday of feudalism, St. Thomas Aquinas gave classic expression to the "unified society" dominated by landowners with its whole nexus of reciprocal duties and obligations so well adapted to preserving an "hierarchical society."

In the dawn of the modern age, the capitalist era, the forces of the rising bourgeoisie stormed the inner keep of feudal thought. After losing itself in the wasteland of humanism, after developing a religion of protest more suited to the outlook of a rising merchant class (Calvin gave to this new outlook its typical and classical form), the intellectual needs of the bourgeoisie led them forward, in the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, to the conquest of natural science with its philosophical counterpart—mechanistic materialism.

This was a tremendous intellectual achievement and represented a tremendous social advance. It laid the foundations for the great technological improvements and inventions which ushered in the modern world. Nonetheless, the bourgeoisie has always been an ambiguous class. In its moments of expan-

* GENERAL EDUCATION IN A FREE SOCIETY. *Harvard University Press. $2.*

* See the author's *Genesis of Plato's Thought* and "The Future of Liberal Education," *Tomorrow* Magazine, November, 1944.

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sion, of optimism, of hope, it has leaned to materialism — Descartes, Holbein, Diderot, Feuerbach. As an exploiting class, faced with the threat of its own creation, its opposite, its gravedigger—the working class—it has fallen back on aristocratic idealism and its religious counterpart. It is the peculiar historical contribution of Immanuel Kant to combine in one synthesis both aspects of the bourgeois position. Kant represents with almost ideal fidelity the peculiar weakness of the German bourgeoisie which always drew back in the moment of triumph, which always compromised with feudal reaction. "Consequently," remarked Karl Marx in an utterance of almost prophetic perspicience, "one fine day Germany will find herself at the level of European decay before she has ever stood at the level of European emancipation."

"The state of Germany at the end of the last century [the eighteenth]," wrote Marx again, "is completely mirrored in Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason* (1845). While the French bourgeoisie leaped into the saddle through the most colossal revolution known to history and conquered the European continent, while the English bourgeoisie, already emancipated in a political sense, revolutionized industry, subjugated India politically and all the rest of the world economically, the impotent German burghers go no further than expressing good will. Kant was content with sheer good will even if it brought no results at all." To put it briefly, Kant made room on the one hand for mechanistic scientific thinking; but on the other, the religion and idealism which he had banished from the front door he admitted by the back. He made it possible for men of the bourgeoisie to hold together in one amalgam the point of view of progress—science and philosophical materialism—with the point of view of reaction—idealism and mysticism: even, one might add, mystification.

THE real assault on the traditional liberal education, however, came with the nineteenth century.

The expansion of capitalism in England first and later in America created for the bourgeoisie the need to train a literate working class, able to follow simple blueprints and written directions. It created as well the need to train a technical managerial staff in a thousand different industries and crafts. The unity of traditional education with its emphasis on "liberal" content, its transmission of the amalgam of Hellenic idealism with Christian resignation, was shattered in a thousand directions and replaced, for the most part, by the thousand specializations of "science." Nor was this only in the field of natural science and technology. Even "social science" had its part to play. Confronted with the spectre of an organized working class, the problem of what is euphemistically called "personnel management"— the control of labor in the factories—became increasingly important. "Labor economics" became a legitimate field of specialization for a group of well-paid technicians. Laissez-faire economics arose as the new form of apologetics for the new set of social relationships. Economic geography became the lighthouse and guiding star for economic expansion. The list could be expanded indefinitely. The point is clear. The old aristocratic "discipline" was shattered into a thousand fragments and all the king's horses and all the king's men have not been able to achieve a new synthesis. In England new universities oriented largely towards "science" grew up alongside the older foundations, Oxford and Cambridge. In America, lacking as it did a solid educational foundation in feudal and pre-feudal tradition, not only were the oldest universities forced to succumb, but a host of new colleges and universities developed as well. The statistical aspect of this development is well handled in the Harvard Report.

"The bird of Minerva only takes its wing as the shades of evening fall." Just at the time when the fortress of tradition was being stormed, Matthew Arnold, in *Culture and Anarchy*, gave classic expression to its content in his famous analytical phrase "Hebraism and Hellenism."

Although the "new education" reflected with substantial accuracy the needs of the bourgeoisie, it had nonetheless a strong democratic content and influence. The organized working class in America was the most vocal force in demanding free, universal public education. From the point of view of the workers universal literacy was a clear gain. If they became more efficient "hands" in a factory, there was nothing to prevent them reading, in the fullness of time, Karl Marx or the *CIO News*. The great middle classes too gained through the new education a substantial place in society and a rewarding economic position.

THE breathless scamper through history from which the reader has just painfully emerged will make clear the dilemma of reaction in the present epoch as well as shed light on the purposes and methods of the Harvard Report. American reaction comes on the historical stage at a time when the working class of the world as well as of America has made tremendous gains. It is in fact an open question whether imperialism as such has not outlived its historic day and is preparing to depart into the limbo of history. The writers of the Report are painfully aware of the democratic implications of the American educational system. But to them scientific specialization is in its nature divisive. They long for a compulsory "core" of general subjects which shall play the part in present-day social control that the tradition of Hebraism and Hellenism has played in the past—for social control in the interest of a possessing class. Here we can draw on a slick popularization of their ideas as presented by *Time* Magazine to its readers:

"*Two Principles.* 'Teach youth a trade, increase his earning power,' say the vocationalists. 'Help youth adjust to the complexities of modern society,' proclaim the pragmatic Deweyites. 'Instill in youth the wisdom of past ages,' cry the Hutchinsites, flourishing their Great Books. Underlying all such panaceas are the basic principles of the world-envied US educational system—'Jeffersonian' and 'Jacksonian.'

"Thomas Jefferson felt that education's prime responsibility was to discover the gifted student and train him for leadership in his special field (the versatile sage of Monticello never dreamed that specialization in stenography would one day seem more desirable than Sanskrit). Andrew Jackson's philosophy, on the contrary, clearly calls for education to concentrate on raising the level of the mass.

"*The Core Idea.* While agreeing that both principles are essential to a free people, more and more educators today are apprehensive that Jeffersonian specialism has run away with the show. But well aware that flight from the technological facts of modern life is impossible, few have urged drastic changes. Nor has Harvard, which comes close to the consensus in urging emphasis on a compulsory 'core' of general subjects.

"The core idea has its roots deep in the problems of US democracy. In the most complex technical-industrial society of all time, American learning has spread out to encompass everything from electronics to eel husbandry—and the common body of tradition and culture that once bound men together is by and large getting a cursory dismissal as 'useless' and 'impractical.'

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"The inevitable and dangerous result, as noted in the Harvard Report, is a society of separate groups—isolated, divided, thinking and acting in terms of their special interests—just when the basic unity of free men is the world's crying need. Few of the recent educational studies, of which Harvard's is perhaps the weightiest and most comprehensive, have had a more provocative thesis."

In this *Time* is much subtler than most reactionary spokesmen in education. The cruder reactionaries sound the trumpet for a march back, back to Plato (Paul Shorey); in moments of dejection a section of them call for a retreat to Augustinianism (the Anglo-Catholic revival typified by such a figure as the late Bishop Charles Gore); or back to Plotinus—the pagan counterpart of St. Augustine (Dean Inge); or back to St. Thomas Aquinas (Mortimer Adler); or back to Kant—that is, the wedding of mechanical materialism and religious mysticism (Professors Jeans and Eddington)—or back to the accumulated wisdom of the past seen in abstraction from the concrete historical circumstances which produced the thinking of the "100 Great Books" (President Hutchins and Stringfellow Barr). This groping for a core subject is in reality a groping for a satisfactory synthesis of all these reactionary programs of retreat.

THE synthesis is not easy to achieve and the constructive proposals represent the weakest aspect of this book. Somehow Hebraism and Hellenism, democracy and science must be brought into the new amalgam:

"Such a course would have as its objective the study of the heritage of philosophy in our civilization. Western culture may be compared to a lake fed by the streams of Hellenism, Christianity, science, and democracy. A philosophical course based upon the study of these contributions might offer an extremely valuable way of considering the conceptions of a life of reason, the principle of an ordered and intelligible world, the ideas of faith, of a personal God, of the absolute value of the human individual, the method of observation and experiment, and the conception of empirical laws, as well as the doctrines of equality and of the brotherhood of man."

Equality and human brotherhood, we might ironically observe, when decisive sections of American government are frantically, unrealistically and against all scientific opinion endeavoring to keep the "secret" of the atom bomb in the service of their dream of the "American Century."

The proposals lean heavily on the "Great Texts of Literature."

"The aim of such a course would be the fullest understanding of the work read rather than of men or periods represented, craftsmanship evinced, historic or literary development shown, or anything else. These other matters would be admitted only insofar as they are necessary to allow the work to speak for itself. Otherwise they should be left for special, not general, education."

Such an orientation is bound to be in its nature "idealistic," removing the classics from the concrete historical circumstances and the struggle of classes which produced them and embalming them as monuments of a timeless, an eternal, a classical truth. The authors gratefully acknowledge the debt (from the point of view of reaction, we might add) of Western tradition to Plato and Aristotle.

"It will, for example, probably be thought desirable to spend some time at the beginning in reading portions of two or three of the great foundation treatises of political and social thought which came out of the civilization of classic antiquity. It may be doubted whether any other books succeed so well in raising certain of the persistent problems of organized life in society as do those of Plato and Aristotle."

The list of great authors which the writers of the Report propose is interesting both for its inclusions and omissions: "We may suggest, however, that in the writings of Aquinas, Machiavelli, Luther, Bodin, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Bentham, and Mill, to mention no others, one can find materials admirably suited to serve the purpose of such a course."

Thinking has apparently stopped with the great classics of laissez faire. From such a list of books no student would ever glean "dangerous thoughts" about a working class movement or a new concept of science. The proposed study of American democracy mentions three books—Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, and Gunnar Myrdal's *American Dilemma*. Without discussing the weakness of the latter book's *analysis* (its collection of data is of course magnificent), it is noteworthy how little attention is paid to the actual concrete problems of extending and deepening American democracy in this "year of grace," 1945. No attention is paid to the Wagner act, the struggles of the labor movement to keep up national purchasing power and create an expanding economy, the struggle to preserve the unity of the United Nations, the struggle against anti-Semitism and (except for Myrdal) Jim Crow.

The authors reject by implication the "anti-scientism" of which so much is heard in reactionary circles and for this we must be grateful. But there is little sense to be gained that the author's concept of science ever passes beyond eighteenth-century mechanism. There is no clear plea for the extension of scientific method to society, there is no recognition whatsoever of the new people's science.

IN OPPOSITION to all such proposals for education for social control, the educators of the people must make it clear that we, too, have a concept of a "core curriculum," a unifying body of learning, based on the actual, tangible material and social wants of the people everywhere, based on the real brotherhood of "one world." As a starting point for such a "core curriculum" we may take the famous prediction of Karl Marx, "as the crisis (i.e., of capitalism) deepens, a section of the bourgeoisie will take the side of the people—*particularly those bourgeois idealogues who strive to comprehend the historical process as a whole.*" What better definition of a liberal education could there be than this—to comprehend the historical process as a whole? Ideally it would encompass some idea of geological evolution, of the growth and development of man in his social relations, of the various stages of human society and the causative factors which brought these stages into being and destroyed them in turn. It would base itself on the concept of change as the one universal law, and change (both social and natural) as subject to law, to orderly procedure. It would avoid the error of seeing any historical stage as permanent, but rather would see every moment of thought or practice, present or past, as a resultant of historical forces. In so doing it would avoid becoming an apologetic for any set of vested interests, a Kant-like attempt to dam the tides of history. This core curriculum would have (in Plato's phrase) its coping stone in "dialectics," the most general summary of the universal laws of change.

To put the matter more concretely the people as well as the spokesmen of reaction have their educational tasks in this period of crisis through which our world is passing—at once more crucial and more historically significant than the tasks of reaction. More specifically, the

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tasks in education are twofold—to build the people's schools, where for the first time a people's science becomes possible because they have broken with every vested interest that would thwart the growth of science and hamper the search for organized knowledge, the grasping of the shifting web of truth. The people must rally around their own schools so that they can play a comparable role in this great period of transition which the "Invisible College," that became in the fullness of time the Royal Society, played in the seventeenth century. These schools can become the beacon light for education as a whole.

But in building their own schools the people must not abandon the traditional educational system to reaction. Labor in particular must come to see that though they might win battles in the political and economic sectors of their struggle, if they allow reactionary ideas to poison the minds of children and youth in schools and colleges, they can still lose the war for the people's welfare. Organized labor and the progressive people must pay much more attention to local school board elections, to boards of trustees and governors in our colleges and universities. This is an issue that PAC and the CIO might well take up, as well as the more articulate and progressive sections of the AFL. These sections must insist that some teachers satisfactory to organized labor should find a secure place in the educational system. (This is notoriously not now the case except that in a few "liberal" institutions Social Democrats are permitted to play their historic role of speaking the people's language in order to confuse and divide the people, in the role of advance runners for fascism.) The people and organized labor in particular must demand that academic freedom should not be interpreted (as now it almost universally is) as an uneasy neutrality between capitalist democracy and fascism. The people must demand that fascist ideas be eliminated from our halls of culture and learning. They must press to eliminate propaganda against organized labor, the poison of racism, the irrational dervish whirl of Red-baiting (this would not, of course, exclude objective and honest discussion of the pros and cons of socialism), and all propaganda designed to break the unity of the United Nations. And if once the progressive forces and the labor movement appreciate fully all the implications of the Harvard Report, they will resolutely press forward the demand for fair consideration in our schools and colleges of a people's science.

PITTSBURGH: 1945

By JOHN MAY

The following piece, written shortly after V-J Day, presents a picture of how people felt then about the threats that have become facts and the center of the strike struggles today.

27,000 LAID OFF; 4,000 WOMEN

WOMEN NOT TO RETURN TO INDUSTRY

I WALKED down the hot street contemplating the announcement in the newspaper. Few people were out. Already the five-day week was lengthening its shadow. The five-day week without increase in pay. I passed a union sign announcing a meeting to consider revision of the Little Steel formula.

Three saloons to a block. If I took a beer at every one of these taverns they wouldn't let me in when I got to the mill gate. Ho-hum. Skip it. Wait till later.

In the mill I talked to a man about the news. "I don't think that's right," he said. "We've had girls on the IBM machines since we couldn't get men. Pay them laborer's wages. That means about $165 a month. They punch 300 cards a day. The best we could ever do with men was about seventy-five."

We went out into the mill. At the Bessemer I saw girls as brakemen. They went ahead of the plant locomotives blowing whistles, clearing the tracks, keeping records of hot metal deliveries. They wore blue slacks and blue jackets and had blue kerchiefs tied around their heads, not forgetting to leave a lock of hair out on the forehead. Their lips were made up and they had cute black smudges on their noses. They smoked cigarettes and were alert and efficient.

The shop was as cluttered as ever. Despite the unceasing safety campaign and the hard hats the men and women wore, the place was full of hazards. As we walked up the floor a bundle of scrap bounced blithely off the pile in the center of the floor as the craneman sought to build it still higher. The night before a man had stepped on a loose brick on the tapping side of the open hearth furnace and fallen into the pouring pit.

We went to the melter's office. Two girls in the regulation costume were busy recording data in connection with the heats, reading the teletype, ordering bottle top molds, answering the telephone.

We sat down on a bench and waited until our heat was ready to tap.

My guide proceeded to tell one and all who would listen about his new baby, as he had each man he met coming up to the mill. Then he turned to one of the girls and asked, "Are you married?"

"Sure."

"Where's your wedding ring?"

"Do I have to wear a wedding ring just because I'm married? Men don't wear wedding rings."

"Some do."

"I think a man is a fairy nice man who wears a wedding ring."

"What's fair for one is fair for the other."

"He's a fairy nice man."

"Where's your husband?"

"South Pacific."

"When's he coming back?"

"I don't know."

"He'll get himself one of those little Geisha girls."

"Crap."

The other girl turned from her chart and said to my guide, "My sister had a baby last week. A most unusual case. The doctor wants to keep her there for study."

"Why?"

"She was only in labor a short time."

"What's so unusual about that?"

"Well, she bled some a couple of days later."

"A hemorrhage?"

"Yes, we're all bleeders in our family." Abruptly she started her work again.

A thump and the floor vibrated. Another bundle of scrap rolled toward the melter's office. We went out.

We went around to the back of the furnace. The first helper was burning out the tap hole with an oxygen lance. A soldier with ribbons and stars sauntered up.

"Hello, Bill! When did you get back?"

"Take off that shirt and go to work!"

"Wish I could." He watched with longing the men tapping the furnace.

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"Sure would like to do that once again, to keep my hand in."

AFTER the tap my guide and I went back to the office for lunch. The bosses were gathered around a huge table. Pictures lined the wall. Friendly rivals smiled down on these men. Tom Girdler vied with Ben Fairless to give the boys his blessings.

"I see Frankensteen is going to be mayor of Detroit," said one.

"You know, there's the greatest concentration of industry there," said another.

"It's a wonder the automobile companies wouldn't break that up—scatter their plants."

"That's in the picture."

"That's coming."

All nodded. The pictures on the wall nodded.

Another conversation was going on at the end of the table.

"We had full employment during the war. People will have to get used to the idea that we can't keep spending all that money."

Somebody said the inevitable: "If you have full employment during a war why not continue to manufacture armaments in peacetime and dump them all in the Pacific Ocean?"

"Ha ha."

"Can't we have full employment manufacturing all the consumer goods needed to raise everybody's standard of living, and export machinery to China and South America for a long time to come?" I ventured. "Steel companies could continue to make profits."

Smiles. Hard smiles. And silence.

"Steel companies have to make a profit in good times to tide them over the slack times," a gentleman volunteered kindly.

"But the steel companies don't benefit. The cream is skimmed, for the most part—payment of dividends to stockholders and bonuses."

No comment.

"I believe a steel plant should use some of its profits to recondition the plant every ten years . . ." began one hesitatingly, but his words petered out as the silence grew more frigid.

The pictures on the wall looked stern.

A bald round man at the head of the table leaned to the man on his right and said a few words in a low voice. The man on his right nodded and turned to the man on his right. He said a few words in a low voice and the man on his right turned, etc. It reminded me of a game an efficiency expert made us play once to show how instructions could be garbled by passing them on by word of mouth.

But these instructions weren't garbled. When they reached the man on my left he leaned across me and said to the man on my right: "The Five-Day Week."

The dread five-day week with twenty-three percent less take-home pay. . . .

MY GUIDE and I left the lunch table for the mill again. He stopped to say something in a low voice to a man at a furnace.

"Well! I'll have to look for another job. That's all. I'm paying the doctor fifteen dollars a week now," was the reply.

Down the line we met another man, an inspector. "Five-day week? That's fine. I'm building a stone wall around my place. I bought the foundation of an old house they are tearing down near me."

"Do you wear safety shoes or tennis shoes when you do that work?"

"Safety shoes, goggles, respirator, gloves. . . ."

As we passed by the blooming mill I asked my guide if women had ever been used in this process. Operating the controls is a skilled technique for which women should be as well fitted as men.

"Naw," he said, "sex. Too much sex. Somebody whose home life wasn't too good would meet somebody else in the same boat and then there'd be trouble."

As we walked a little farther he was thinking.

"Anyhow," he continued, "this is one time we put one over on the union! You see, the rollers work two-thirds of their time on the mill and one-third changing rolls. When they're changing rolls they're downgraded to laborers. That's fair isn't it? Nothing skilled about that. The union couldn't say anything because the women couldn't make the roll changes."

The graphite snow sifted down from the blow and the mixer. The hot soup came from blast furnace to mixer to converter to open hearth furnace, poured from one to the other by ladle, on wheels, lifted by crane, poured by spout. Just so much hot soup, twenty-five tons to a ladle, at 2,900° F. Without end. Whether it was economical to do this—rather than make the steel directly in the open hearth from cold charged scrap and hot liquid iron from the blast furnace—depended on the price of scrap, high in time of war.

When I left the mill I stopped at the first of the restaurants. The proprietor was surly. I stood at the bar. He called from a table in the back where he was finishing his dinner, "What do you want?"

He dragged himself up, opened a bottle of beer, banged it down on the bar.

I asked for a glass. He looked around, saw one that had been used, soused it in dirty water and placed it swarming with bacteria, on the bar. The five-day week. He felt it coming.

As I walked up the street I noticed a sign in a store window:

OUTING OF SCOTTISH CLANS
Kennywood Park

At the next corner a large billboard announced Russian Day at Kennywood Park and a cop on the corner was complaining that he could not go to the picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Kennywood Park. Polish Day was proclaimed from a sign on a telephone pole.

A woman took her children into an old fashioned drugstore. The children were fresh and clean and they looked about them at the wonders of the world. The woman, in a shining black satin dress and pearl ornaments in her hair, but with a frown on her face, bought them their last ice cream soda before the pay cut.

Men stood in groups talking. Boys, too young for long pants and too old for short ones, hung on corners taunting the big girls as they went by. They seemed altogether dislocated.

BACK in town, I walked about in the golden triangle. I was impressed with the alertness, friendliness and good manners of the people I met behind counters, on the bus, and on the street.

I went out to the Oakland section and to the Cathedral of Learning with its blunted spire. Across the river gray, desolate shacks on precipitous streets piled themselves one on top of the other and all on top of the mills. In the distance a clean, cool sensible government housing project could be seen. At the foot of the "Cathedral"—which Mellon would have completed had the city been willing to name the University of Pittsburgh after him—nestled the Stephen Foster Memorial "in pure Gothic," belated recognition to an adopted son whom the barons had forced to die in poverty. I couldn't help but think of two songs by Stephen Foster which were written for another war in the long struggle for freedom:

(*Continued on page* 31)

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THE JEW AND HIS CULTURE

By NATHAN AUSUBEL

In the many aspects of the fight against anti-Semitism one strong positive weapon has been conspicuously neglected, the actual contributions of the Jewish people to world culture. The editors of NEW MASSES *felt that a campaign against those who use the Hitler pattern should avail itself not only of varied political actions but should also extend the understanding of both Jews and non-Jews concerning the culture of one of America's important minority peoples. We then proposed, in an editorial in our November 27 issue, that the wide observance of a Jewish History Week, comparable to the Negro History Week of February 12, could serve as an excellent focus for such an undertaking. NM sought the support and comment of other groups and individuals in this project. Here Mr. Ausubel explores an aspect of establishing fuller recognition of the legitimacy of Jewish culture in America.*

THERE can never be an end of speculating why so many well-meaning, progressive Jews avoid so desperately learning about themselves *as Jews!* They seem to suffer from a trigger-allergy toward all matters relating to Jewish life and problems. These they regard as the parochial preserves of the political Zionists and the religionists. As social-minded, thoughtful individuals they are keenly, and justifiably, disturbed by the problems that plague the Chinese, the Negroes, the Spaniards, the Javanese and the Greeks—but the Jewish problem somehow leaves them uneasy or cold, except insofar as it affects them in a personal way. What do they know of their people's past: of Jewish history and literature, of Jewish cultural activity that has had a continuity for almost three thousand years? Out of a genuine cultural hunger they will read extensively on Mayan sculpture, Persian pottery and Balinese music. Yet these same humanists with a universal urge for knowledge and beauty are precisely those who smile disdainfully whenever something related to Jewish culture is brought up.

Why is that? Is it because there is no such thing as Jewish culture?

Only the brashly uninformed will deny its existence.

Is it because Jewish culture is inferior to other cultures?

Those who think so invariably have an inadequate knowledge of it. Is it reasonable to pass judgment on something one does not know?

Is the material hard to find? No, it is at hand and easily obtainable. The same intellectual Jew who will study the philosophical writings of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas will ignore those of Maimonides and Hasdai Crescas, two great Jewish thinkers who were at least the equals, if not the superiors, of those Christian schoolmen, as Spinoza himself has testified. Then there is the Jewish literary enthusiast who reads Dante, Campanella and Petrarch with the awe appropriate for the canonized classics, but who has never taken the trouble to read the medieval Jewish poets Solomon ibn Gabirol, Moses and Abraham ibn Ezra, and Yehudah ha-Levi, about whom Heine wrote:

True and pure and without blemish
Was his singing, like his soul.

Why then does the literate Jew ignore the Jewish great?

The answer is a melancholy one. In the wilderness of the world through which the Jews have been wandering for nineteen hundred years, both they and what they produced have been despised. The learned anti-Semite has passed judgment upon or ignored the products of Jewish culture, saying: "Impossible! No Jew can create works of enduring value!" Ironically enough, the cultivated Jew has accepted this judgment. This perhaps explains why a poet of the first water like Solomon ibn Gabirol, who in my opinion was superior to Dante in profundity, in sensitive musical utterance and in the expression of civilized values, has been kept out of the pantheon of world literature. Like clothing, culture too has to be fashionable and the Jewish philosopher, poet and writer has to be crowned with reluctant Gentile laurel leaves before his talents are perceived by Jews themselves. Jewish culture, which is a stepchild among the cultures of mankind, will never be able to take its rightful place in the esteem of the world unless Jews first rediscover it and take it to their hearts.

Strangely enough, many great Gentiles never felt the inhibitions toward Jewish culture that so many Jews display. The Jewish cantillation of Scripture was adopted by the Church fathers and gave birth to the Gregorian Chant. Jewish hymns, without fuss and feathers, were adopted into the church liturgy during the early centuries of Christianity. Few know, for instance, that the fourth century *Te Deum* is an adaptation of the Hebrew hymn: *Roni v'simchi bas Zion* (Rejoice, ye daughters of Zion!) Synagogal hymns were employed by Marcello for his masses. Schweitzer relates that Bach used to trudge miles to distant villages in order to hear "the pretty little tunes" of the Jewish bands (*klezmorim*). No doubt he used some of them. Nor did Beethoven hesitate to employ the *Kol Nidrei* theme in a major string quartet.

The moral of all this is: that art and truth speak a universal tongue, and that Jewish culture is as deep as a well for those who wish to drink from it.

IS IT unreasonable or "reactionary" to ask the thoughtful Jew to get to know himself *as Jew?* In the quest for understanding the ancient Greeks adopted the rubric: "Man—know thyself!" and became the benefactors of mankind. One would logically be led to assume that any educated and progressive-minded Jew—who is moved, if not by social motive at least by intellectual curiosity, to delve into history and literature, ancient, medieval and modern, treating of all races, nations and civilizations—would at least be intrigued by his own people's history! That, unfortunately, is a false assumption. The average progressive Jew, who takes such pride in fighting against racial and national discrimination, including anti-Semitism, is abysmally ignorant of Jewish history and culture. It is with him as it was with little Esther Ansell in Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*—". . . far keener than her pride in Judas Maccabeus was her pride in Nelson and Wellington." Only, unlike little Esther, the average educated Jew today knows almost nothing at all about Judas Maccabeus, even though his heroes are more attractive than those two kettledrums of British imperialism.

Who can deny the reality of a fact? The Jew has not risen out of thin air. He is the product of certain life-forces, bearing the stamp on himself of the events and accidents of his people's amazing history. In that sense, and in

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that sense only, the Jew is unique. To deny it is to deny reality itself. For, besides being an American, a Frenchman or a Russian, the Jew is *also* a Jew by the irrevocable law of fact.

The position of the Jew in society as a member of an oppressed people is analogous to that of the Negro. The Negro is not just an American—he is also black, a member of a distinctive group with a unique historical past. It is not possible for him to understand himself, to cope with his problems as an individual in an insufficiently democratic society unless he first gets to see and know himself in the frame of reference of *all* Negroes, and then of *all* society. Therefore, as upstanding, intelligent Negroes are doing today in matters concerning their race, the Jew too must study the history and literature of his people, must acquaint himself with its socio-ethical traditions, its truly great men and women, its devotion to learning and the arts, to the sciences and scholarship, and to the social progress of mankind.

Naturally, the Jew who is determined to disidentify himself from his people has to construct a rationale for it to silence the pangs of conscience. There are two varieties of this type of Jew. There are those who see no contradiction whatsoever in being an American and a Jew at the same time. A far greater number disassociate themselves from Jewish interests out of supposed *principle*. If they are liberals they say with William Lloyd Garrison: "My country is the world!" This means they may not *morally* notice anything of less than cosmic proportions. If they are radicals they regard a serious and sustained concern with Jewish life and culture as narrow nationalism, as a "reactionary" manifestation. Of course they are honest and of course they are resolved to resist Jew-baiting, but while doing this they believe they would be surrendering to the enemy if they admitted that they are Jews in any other sense than birth. Such an admission, they fear, might subtract something from their stature as *Americans*. Rather, they uphold to the hilt the doctrine of the anti-Semites when they accuse the Jews of being "clannish" and "exclusive." Therefore, by going *away* from Jewish life and culture they think that they thus blend into the rest of society and thereby "solve" the Jewish problem.

These progressives seem to be oblivious of the fact that to be consciously a *Jew* is not only no moral crime but that it is against the very principles of Marxism-Leninism to deny it! How can they possibly forget that in the Soviet Union, where there is full equality and cultural autonomy for all the numerous national and ethnic groups, there is taking place a dynamic resurgence of Jewish life and culture? Does this concern make Soviet Jews less of Soviet citizens? No. Does this make those who are Communists less of Communists? Perhaps better ones, for the aim of socialism is to lead a people to its fullest cultural expression. Both Lenin and Stalin recognized the progressive features of Jewish culture and its historical continuity. They did everything possible to encourage its development, but with a socialist content.

It is quite possible that without intending it to be so these Jewish progressives are working toward the goal of a Great Central Plain of undifferentiated universal culture, and that is not only a historical impossibility, not only an un-Marxist conception, but an appalling objective even if realizable!

There should be a realistic recognition that a man is what he is, that he cannot and should not try to run away from himself and from an active identification with his people. If a man's name is Mao Tse-tung—besides being a Communist he is also *Chinese*. If a man's name is Ben Davis—besides being an American, and a Communist, he is also a *Negro*. And if a man's name is Joseph North—besides being an American, and a Communist, he is also a *Jew!*

Perhaps the most important of all questions for Jewish adults to consider is that of Jewish children. Together with all other children they are the hope of the world. Every effort must be made to see that they grow up without those terrible mutilations to their psyche that most Jews in our society suffered as children because they were Jewish. Jewish parents have to show wisdom and great care in protecting their children against the emotional effects of anti-Semitism, but they also must have knowledge of Jewish life. How can they hope to help their children if they remain ignorant of such vital matters?

How is it possible for Jewish children to grow up without emotional conflict and trauma in an environment which is unfriendly to Jews where it is not outright hostile? It forces upon them the recognition of their Jewishness by means hardly less than violent. The sensitive child, unless its parents can help it in this kind of crisis, is thrown back upon itself and that is where the blind rage, the frustration, the bitterness of injustice lacerate the delicate child-mind and leave unhealing scars upon it.

Children, tormented by anti-Semitic experiences, come to their parents and ask: "What is a Jew, mother?" "Why do they throw stones at me because I'm Jewish, father?" "Why do they call me 'Christ-killer'?" "Are all Jews crooks?" "Are Jews cowards?" And a hundred other questions. The tragedy of such a situation for both the intelligent Jewish parent and child is movingly described in Joseph North's article "A Jew Looks at His America" [NM, January 16].

How many Jewish parents are competent to answer their children properly, informatively, clearly, sanely and without further confusing their troubled minds? No Jewish parent has the moral privilege of remaining blind to this responsibility. Only knowledge of Jewish problems, history and culture can help the Jewish child whose sensibilities have been so grievously hurt to regain his human self-esteem and dignity in the greatness of his people.* Does this encourage chauvinism? Not at all! One can love one's people without blindness, without arrogance. Knowledge and culture, even Jewish culture, enlarge the vision, deepen the understanding, give human warmth to the heart. Love for one's family does not diminish love for one's country; love for one's people only leads to love for all mankind.

"USO," by Cpl. Leon Miller.

* While there are a number of schools for adults in New York and elsewhere devoted to the study of Jewish culture, they have a decidedly religious orientation. However, a new institution of great promise, with a progressive, secular point of view towards Jewish studies, has just opened in New York. This is the School of Jewish Studies at 13 Astor Place. Courses are given in current Jewish problems, in Jewish history and literature—ancient, medieval and modern. There are also classes in Yiddish and Hebrew, and other subjects. The faculty includes Frederic Ewen, Albert Kahn, B. Z. Goldberg, Dr. Raphael Mahler, William Zukerman, etc.

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BIG BUSINESS VERSUS YOU

KNOW your enemy. It was the Nazis and the Japanese cabal during the war. It is American big business today. It was fascism then. It is incipient fascism now. If we look abroad, we find big business in command of our foreign policy, being tough in China, tough in eastern Europe, very lenient in Japan and Germany toward the industrial and financial combines that are the heart and head of fascism. The alliance with the USSR has suffered atomic fission, while the alliance with Britain has been converted into a battering ram against Big Three unity.

At home the two most powerful monopolies in the world, du Pont's General Motors and Morgan's US Steel, are out to crush unionism. General Motors has gone through the motions of collective bargaining; US Steel and the other steel companies haven't even bothered with that. These mastodons of monopoly can afford prolonged strikes. The workers and the country can't. "Never before, perhaps," writes the December 1 issue of *Business Week*, "has a major employer had so little direct economic incentive to end a stoppage by making concessions to a union. GM's federal tax structure is such that the net cash cost of the strike, even if it lasts well into next year, will be relatively inconsequential."

In other words, the government, through its tax laws, which for two years after the war guarantee profits at least equal to the pre-war level, has made a gift to General Motors, US Steel and other corporations of a strike-breaking fund of millions of dollars. And with the cards stacked in favor of corporate greed, President Truman has stepped in to deal out a domestic Munich. The Norton-Ellender bill, introduced to carry out the President's proposal for a "cooling-off" period, is, as an analysis by the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties points out, even worse than was indicated in the Truman message. "In his message," states the National Federation, "President Truman said nothing about breaking strikes. In his message President Truman said nothing about making assistance, encouragement or financial aid given to strikes unlawful, which would subject union members and their sympathizers to injunctions and damage suits similar to the notorious Danbury Hatters Case. Yet the legislation proposed in his name contains anti-labor provisions which would accomplish these results." And it has opened the way to even more dangerous legislation—the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill and the subjection of unions to the Hobbs anti-racketeering act.

There is a prevailing impression that the auto strikers, the steel workers, who are set to walk out January 14, and the electrical, radio and machine workers, who have voted to strike after January 1, are asking for more money than they have been getting. If they were, they would be entitled to it in view of the fabulous profits of the corporations. But what they are demanding is the *same* take-home pay as during the war. For the highest paid among them, the auto workers, this averaged between forty and forty-five dollars a week. What they are fighting for is to be able to buy as much meat, as much milk and groceries, as many shirts and dresses, as much medical and dental care as during the war. What they are fighting against is an actual wage-cut which lowers their capacity to buy.

Now all this may seem very remote to C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, who, according to the latest Treasury report, received in 1944 the second highest salary in the land, $459,041. This is $1,257 for every day of the year, including Sundays and holidays. And it may seem very remote to Ormond E. Hunt, Albert Bradley, Donaldson Brown and Charles F. Kettering, GM vice-presidents, who, with Wilson, had a combined take of $1,781,269—exclusive of dividends from GM stock and other investments. But for John Smith, who works on the Chevrolet assembly line and has to support a wife and three kids on reduced pay, it's part of his very guts.

And this question is no less close to all those who depend on workers' purchasing power for most of their livelihood and don't have swollen reserves, guaranteed profits and half-million dollar salaries: the farmer, the butcher, the grocer, the retailer, the doctor, the lawyer, etc.

The corporate overlords are fighting Mr. and Mrs. America not only on the labor front, but on the production front as well. It is big business that is on strike—on strike against America. (See page 3.) And the government is cravenly knuckling under. Here is the real face of "free enterprise"—the mask of war-provoking, poverty-breeding, democracy-hating monopoly capitalism.

Know your enemy. And act.

Housing and Truman

ONE MILLION American families are living doubled up in homes and apartments built for single families. The housing crisis has reached an emergency stage and is growing more acute daily. In Europe, where millions of houses were wrecked by bombs, the liberated democratic governments treat the problem as a war emergency and a vital defense of the people's needs. In the Soviet Union, where the welfare of the people is always the paramount concern, over a million shattered dwellings have already been rebuilt. In our country the housing emergency is still treated largely as an opportunity to enrich real estate sharks and profiteers.

The Truman administration, which inherited and shelved the Roosevelt record of bold dealing with emergencies, is treating the housing problem with a typical combination of do-nothingism and appeasement. On October 15 all priority controls on building materials were lifted to make a black marketeers' holiday. Now fifty percent of the materials have been ordered placed under priorities for the construction of homes of $10,000 and under. No concrete provisions have been made for homes of $6,000 or less, levels at which shortage is most acute. The effect in the profiteering atmosphere will be that the builders will concentrate on $10,000 homes requiring $100 monthly for financing and upkeep. This price will automatically shut out the vast majority of American wage earners.

To be sure, the National Association

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of Homebuilders and the National Association of Real Estate Boards, representing an insignificant minority of the population, oppose the Truman compromise because they demand the absolute right of "free enterprise" to set prices and rents on the basis of what the traffic will bear. Their reckless and socially irresponsible plans could easily lead to inflationary disaster. Such tactics cannot be stopped with half-way measures. The millions of homeless and ill-housed families who elected Truman, while voting for Roosevelt and his program, require much more adequate measures to solve the crisis, among them a peacetime version of the Federal Housing Authority, which built hundreds of thousands of homes for war workers. A mighty demand for immediate emergency action can achieve results. Firm and aroused public pressure on the administration will also contribute to the speedy passage of the Wagner-Ellender and the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bills, which are designed for the longer pull in the housing crisis.

A Beginning in China

OUR people's deep concern with events in China—a concern which they have only begun to voice—has already resulted in several noteworthy achievements. First, Patrick Hurley's crass attempt to toss dynamite into the perilous Chinese scene got a resounding rebuff and the big oil man retired from the witness stand in Washington a head shorter than when he stepped onto the dais. Second, President Truman's statement on our Chinese policy is further index to the power of popular pressure. He has, in words at least, made certain important concessions, but our people must indicate that he is not the only one from Missouri. We have to be shown—in deed.

A first reading of his statement indicates no fundamental change in American policy. The most perilous aspect of this policy, the presence of American troops in China, remains unchanged. The reasons Mr. Truman gives for our military remaining are more than suspicious—they fly in the face of already established fact. American marines have not been disarming the Japanese, but have stood shoulder to shoulder with them, patrolling railroads along which Chiang is moving his troops into areas liberated by the democratic armies of China led by the Communists. This is central, and Mr. Truman evades that decisive fact. When he says that our troops will remain "until the job is concluded" of removing "the possibility of Japanese influence remaining in China" he continues to mislead our people; the source of pro-Japanese influence in China today lies around Chiang, in his aggregation of quislings and commanders of puppet troops.

On the other hand, the President's statement contained several noteworthy points: first, that the Kuomintang is a one-party regime. The President used mild terms when he called for a "modification of one-party tutelage" to include the Communists and other political groups in China. Other observers have used plainer language—the Kuomintang regime is one-party dictatorship, and a terroristic one at that. We nonetheless welcome the President's call for a national conference of representatives of major political elements to bring about an "early solution of the present internal strife." But we must be on guard against what appears to be the joker—that the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies, led by the Communists, be "integrated effectively into the Chinese national army." The Yenan regime had agreed to this previously, but only on the basis that the government of China become genuinely democratic and representative of the entire people. Chiang has finagled to achieve the dissolution of the democratic armies *first*—in other words, to deprive the Chinese masses of their guarantee, their only weapon, to ensure the protection of their advances, and the possibility to win further popular demands.

Should our policy back Chiang on this score, then the President's aim is miasma and worse: it is one that would undermine the entire structure of the democratic movement in China.

One fact is definite, certain: That while the people of America have made headway in their campaign for a democratic, decent US policy on China, it is only partial, provisional: it has not, as yet, altered anything fundamentally. With that in mind, we must even accelerate the campaign until our troops have been removed from the Chinese scene, and our influence genuinely exerted for a free, democratic China.

Smoke from Krupp

WE HAVE another statement of American policy on Germany. It is a good statement. If words could purge Germany of all war-making and fascist potential, there would be no need to worry. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that the gap between policy statement and execution is being narrowed. On the very day that Secretary of State Byrnes issued this new statement the Kilgore Senate Subcommittee on war mobilization heard testimony concerning the kind of pressures that make the "tough" official pronouncements turn soft in actual practice. Col. Bernard Bernstein, head of the division which has been investigating German cartels for the American Military Government, told how Standard Oil of New Jersey had worked hand in glove with the Nazi IG Farbenindustrie in building the German war machine. Colonel Bernstein also named the du Ponts as among the American, British and French companies which owned six percent of IG Farben common stock.

The next day Colonel Bernstein testified that despite the Potsdam agreement, IG Farben still had eighty-seven percent of its 1943 production capacity and its war potential is today "much larger" than at the outbreak of the war. Some of the IG Farben plants, he said, are even producing explosives. Incidentally, Colonel Bernstein, who has been insisting on action instead of talk, is reported to be ready to quit because of Army interference with his work. After his testimony Chairman Harley Kilgore commented that the plans for destroying Germany's war potential were "so far, on paper."

The new State Depatment directive may be of some value in defining the precise levels of German peacetime economy and living standards to be achieved during the next two years. But so long as Standard Oil, the du Ponts and other giant corporations are the power behind our foreign policy, efforts to preserve their fascist counterparts in Germany and Japan will be stronger than a thousand good declarations.

Brazilian Ballots

AS EXPECTED the presidential election in Brazil has been won by Gen. Enrico Gasper Dutra, the candidate of former President Vargas. Dutra's party, will probably enjoy a near majority in the Senate and House of Deputies which will be charged with preparing a new constitution. Gen. Eduardo Gomes, who was defeated, ran on an anti-Communist, anti-Soviet ticket and was heavily backed by Assis Chateaubriand, the pro-fascist chain newspaper owner whom the Columbia School of Journalism so inappropriately chose to honor last week. The struggle between Dutra and Gomes was not, however, one between reaction and liberalism. The campaign of these two was a struggle between two camps

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of reaction with Dutra having the advantage of Vargas' extensive political machine.

The Communist Party, under the leadership of Luis Carlos Prestes, who incidentally will be in the new Senate, sought to postpone the presidential elections until after a new democratic constitution had been drafted and approved.

The results show it to have been correct, for the people, accustomed to long years of dictatorial rule of a pro-fascist variety, did not have the time or experience necessary to defeat reaction. The showing of the Communists, however, who put up a candidate only two weeks before election day, was remarkable. They not only obtained close to half a million votes, ten percent of the total cast, but have elected Prestes to the Senate and thirty to forty deputies.

Thus Brazil remains under reactionary rule, dominated by elements which in the past have looked to fascist Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal for their models. Today these elements find a kindred soul in Ambassador Adolf Berle, and an ally in the reactionary foreign policy of the Truman administration.

The tasks of establishing full democracy still lie ahead.

FOULING THE FEPC

By GEORGE MARSHALL

Mr. Marshall is chairman of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties.

THE obstruction of federal legislation for a strong and permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission, and the simultaneous scuttling of the temporary FEPC, are integral parts of the dangerously successful program of reactionary monopoly forces to block all major reconversion measures.

The FEPC, created as a wartime measure by executive orders of President Roosevelt, was in many respects, despite its limited powers, the most important concrete step taken in the fight against discrimination since the passage of the post-Civil War amendments to the constitution. The shelving of FEPC now would tend to nullify the war victory over fascism and would strengthen disruptive reactionaries who are trying to smash the trade union movement and the unity of anti-fascist forces.

During the war, and particularly as the reconversion period approached, the demand grew for federal legislation for a strong and permanent FEPC. This popular demand was so great that Democrats and Republicans made election pledges in 1944 for FEPC legislation. These pledges have not been kept. Despite fine statements by President Truman in behalf of FEPC, Democrats, as well as Republicans, gave so little support to the FEPC appropriation fight in the spring of 1945 that the agency received only half of its appropriation. This has resulted in the closing down of almost all the regional offices.

President Truman withheld from FEPC the emergency war powers which he extended to the War Manpower Commission and other agencies. This eliminated most of FEPC's jurisdiction. The President's latest disastrous blow was his refusal to permit FEPC to order the Capital Transit Company in Washington "to cease and desist from practices and policies which have resulted in the denial of employment to Negroes because of race." This led to Charles H. Houston's resignation from FEPC, who said this case "reflects a persistent course of conduct on the part of the administration to give lip service to the importance of eliminating discrimination in employment on account of race, creed, color and national origin since V-J Day while doing nothing substantial to make the policy effective."

While the Truman administration has thus succumbed to the pressure of its poll tax colleagues, the Republicans have likewise welched on their campaign pledges. Republican Congressmen have cooperated with Democrats to bottle up the FEPC (HR-2232) in the House Rules Committee. The majority of Republican Congressmen have carried on a sitdown strike against signing Discharge Petition No. 4 to bring the FEPC bill to the floor for a vote. In fact, it appears that they are withholding their signatures until a few months before the elections when time will be too short to pass the bill through both Houses of Congress.

The wartime FEPC and legislation for a strong and permanent FEPC have also been hindered by the irresponsible and factional policy of some of their avowed friends in certain organizations. These avowed friends tried to place President Roosevelt on the spot during the summer of 1944, thus unscrupulously endangering his reelection. They refused to support the critical FEPC appropriation fight of 1945 until too late, and their withholding support and spreading confusion were largely responsible for the appropriation being cut in half. They have vilified Congressman Marcantonio, who introduced the first FEPC bill, got the FEPC 1944 appropriation through the House almost singlehanded, and helped lead the FEPC appropriation and legislative fight in 1945. They have tried to cast doubt on the sincerity of the congressional coalition for FEPC legislation and have opposed its double procedure of discharge petition and calendar Wednesday. They have insisted on the suicidal tactic of trying to bring the FEPC bill to the Senate floor before it is passed by the House. Such tactics must be combatted.

The FEPC bill must be passed without further delay if discrimination against minorities is not to spread rapidly. The Congressional recess provides the American people with an excellent opportunity to tell their Congressmen what they want them to do about FEPC and other major issues. What more effective use can be made of the holiday season than to form delegations to see your Congressmen while they are home, and to organize telephone campaigns?

Congressmen should be told to sign Discharge Petition No. 4 to bring up the FEPC bill (HR-2232) immediately; to join the congressional coalition on FEPC and help get their colleagues to sign; to be on hand every Wednesday to support the calendar Wednesday procedure for bringing HR-2232 directly to the floor.

Persistent work is essential to build swiftly the unified and overwhelming pressure required to pass the FEPC bill.

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KARL SHAPIRO'S CONFUSIONS

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

IN A VERY short time Karl Shapiro has achieved an important place in contemporary American poetry. His *Person, Place, Thing* had a rapturous reception; for his second volume, *V Letter and Other Poems*, that general recognition was capped with the official confirmation of a Pulitzer Prize; his third volume, *Essay on Rime*, is before us.* It deals "with three major confusions: In Prosody, in Language and in Belief," to which Mr. Shapiro gives a section apiece. Consequently the first two sections deal with technical "confusions" through which Mr. Shapiro knows his way. The third section, however, deals with the content of modern poetry, and here, it must be said, the confusion is of Mr. Shapiro's own making.

Interesting as they are, the first two sections are largely a discovery of the obvious. Being young, Mr. Shapiro may be forgiven for enunciating truisms as illuminations. What he says of the techniques of poetry is mainly sound and his own work here exhibits his skill in them. His lines are deft and fluent. Though, despite its poetic form, the essay is substantially prose, its lively, rhythmic pace and the pleasant spicing of rhymes and images make it far more readable than similar essays wholly or formally in prose.

But even the first two sections carry, like a stream laden with silt, clots of Mr. Shapiro's later confusion; and the poem ends in a swamp, its conclusions neither firm soil of faith nor clear water of reason. For that he accuses the time, a typical device to excuse one's self.

One reason for the confusion is that Mr. Shapiro speaks either without getting confirmations or avoiding confirmations of his assertions, many of which are simply not true. Of several examples I will quote one because it also illustrates a persistent prejudice.

"Also I think it curious to remark/ that Lenin, laughing at the new esthetic,/ declared that he preferred the art of Pushkin/ to that of Mayakovsky. What if the ear/ of that tall Soviet poet had overheard/ his leader's passing comment? For the poet/ of Communism died by his own hand,/ implying what disaster and what fear?"

The truth here, which was easily accessible to Mr. Shapiro, by as little as a phone call to the American Russian Institute, is the following: Lenin's modestly expressed opinion, which carried no overtones of official condemnation, was published, *not overheard*, along with praise for a particular poem of Mayakovsky's which Lenin recommended for publication. Mayakovsky's suicide occurred eight years after the comment was made, and six years after Lenin's death for which Mayakovsky wrote a magnificent commemorative poem. Why did not Mr. Shapiro check on his facts before making his false imputation? Obviously because it suits his prejudice, evident in many other lines in the book, including the deliberate and Hearstian confusion, "the Reds, the Browns, the Blacks." Touch that up with ironic glitter, spangle it with rhetorical question marks—it still remains Red-baiting.

IT IS difficult, and not really worth the effort, to sort out Mr. Shapiro's confusions one by one. But the sources of the confusion are clear.

One of them is simply immature and incomplete thinking. This allows for some hope that, since Shapiro has an alert mind and an apparent impulse toward thinking things out, he may work his way through.

A second source of confusion is the concept of the intellect as external to life and an intrusion upon it. This is an extension of adolescent restiveness against authority as symbolized in the intellect, the rebellion against maturity. This has been a frequent phenomenon in modern writers as, for example, D. H. Lawrence seeking returns to the primitive—that is, the childhood of mankind; and T. S. Eliot, Shapiro's greatest admiration, who has sought retreats into such paternal refuges as "Royalty and the established Church."

I have this advice to give Mr. Shapiro: Better take the intellect, like the emotions, with which it is in organic relation, for granted. Beheading man doesn't make him any happier, healthier or handsomer.

A third major source of confusion is Mr. Shapiro's indecision—if it is still an indecision—as to the actual source of morality. Now, some place the source in the moral act, the act demanded by one's belief, as, for example, the act of defending democracy where it was difficult and unfashionable to defend it, in Spain. Others place the source in social conformities; others in the practice of religious rituals.

It would be better if Shapiro declare himself, churchman or no. By implication, as in his offensively smug sneer at the writers who acted on their belief in Spain, and in his general, patronizing dismissal of the writers of the Left, I take it that Mr. Shapiro does not respect the choice of moral action.

Other implications point to Mr. Shapiro's preference for a church. He speaks of the influence of T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* in leading poets to the Church; and estimates that poem as the finest of our time. Has it led Mr. Shapiro to the Church? He doesn't say. But to me so high an estimate of *Ash Wednesday* marks a religious rather than a literary predilection. The superb craftsmanship and the great dignity of expression of *Ash Wednesday* are undeniable; but its symbolism drops to the voodoo level.

Though Mr. Shapiro just forbears pointing it, the Church, or mysticism in general, seems to be Mr. Shapiro's direction.

In his book the course is laid out between two suicides. For, with an arbitrary misreading of Hart Crane's work infuriating to those who knew him, he makes Crane's suicide the consequence of seeking in art alone the answers to the riddles of life. The path of art, says Mr. Shapiro, leads to death: *e.g.*, Hart Crane's suicide; and the path of moral action leads to death, *e.g.*, Mayakovsky's suicide and the writer-

* ESSAY ON RIME, *by Karl Shapiro. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.*

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warriors' graves in Spain. And those deaths in Spain are so placed, in Mr. Shapiro's text, as almost to appear a punishment of the victims for not having followed Mr. Eliot to church.

RELIGIOUS ritual is too often a symbolic substitute for the moral act. It has time and means for decorum and fine clothes—brocades of priestly robes and marble walls of temples. In contrast the moral act cannot wait to dress and pose; it is forced into rage or suffering that do not look seemly to exquisites. It is the past moral act that the exquisites honor, the moral act that has acquired a patina of time and tradition. Mr. Eliot, who grieves over past Calvaries, averts his eyes from present martyrdom. Had he lived at the time of the Crucifixion he would have considered Christ uncouth. He would have announced his choice for Herod and the Established Synagogue.

The confusion in belief that Mr. Shapiro locates in the modern mind is more accurately to be located in his own. It comes from denying the living fervor, the reality of the moral act, and seeking it where it is not, but where it might be purified of sweat, dust and danger and wear ceremonial habiliments.

Those who make no such search, experience no such confusion. We, writers of the Left, feel none. In spite of reaction's "cold pogrom" that has taken from us the ampler freedoms of expression, limiting us to restricted and harassed publication, we do not feel Mr. Shapiro's "failure of belief." We believe in man and are therefore unconfused and undefeated. It is a T. S. Eliot who shrank from life as a "waste-land," who sought the certainty of "dry bones." It is a deserter like Koestler whose *The Yogi and the Commissar* Mr. Shapiro picked as one of the three books of the year that he liked, who minces into the fashionable resort of mysticism.

If Mr. Shapiro makes the same choices, let him say so. If he is uncertain, let him wait until his thoughts are clear. Let him not take advantage of his Pulitzer Prize prestige, which carries with it a great responsibility, to rush his confusions into print.

Stalin at War

THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR OF THE SOVIET UNION, *by Joseph Stalin. International $1.75.*

HERE in a single volume are the history-shaping directives of the first socialist nation to its Red Army, the Partisan detachments and to the people on the fighting home front. It seems long years since we read the first of these speeches in the ominous summer days of 1941 when the bottom seemed to be falling out of the world. While our press enlarged on the "invincibility" of the Nazi armored legions, Stalin's calm and reassuring speech of July 3, 1941 proclaimed to the Soviet people and to the world that "history shows that there are no invincible armies and never have been." His fifteen major addresses, which occupy here little more than a hundred pages, met the needs of a time of unprecedented danger to all humanity. Now that fascism is crushed it is well to reread these brief addresses, which contain the essential estimate of the war, the over-all strategy of those mighty battles and the many-sided aspects of the difficult road to victory. They form a continuous, consistent and enduring whole, fully corresponding to the reality of the past and the perspectives of the future, with the victorious outcome of the war testing and revealing their deep wisdom.

Well may we ponder over what are the sources of this clarity of vision and depth of wisdom. Over and above the manifest military genius and affection for humanity in these addresses is to be seen the mastery of the social and historical science of Marxism-Leninism. The mastery extends to its theoretical foundations, its living and creative soul and its dialectical method of thinking. To understand this is to understand the essence and the source of Stalin's wisdom and his immense contribution to victory both in these addresses, in the actual conduct of the war and in preparing his people and his nation for the crisis, forseen long before it arrived.

RALPH BOWMAN.

Bad Conscience?

THE DWARF, *by Par Lagerkvist. Fischer. $2.50.*

THIS book from the pen of a skilled Swedish novelist purports to be the diary of a dwarf dwelling at the court of a prince of the Italian Renaissance. Short as the book is, it is filled with dramatic incident: warfare, crime, wholesale poisonings and plague, lewd orgies and every kind of treachery—but not a single noble deed or noble character in the whole book. Even the painter (recognizably modeled after Leonardo da Vinci) interrupts his painting of the Last Supper to design vicious instruments of warfare for his prince-master.

Allegorically the dwarf may be supposed to represent man's evil genius, his baser self, who perpetually betrays him into some vileness, who in the midst of peace schemes of war, in the midst of love, dreams of adultery, and, in short, who never interrupts his evil course except to pray briefly for forgiveness. In the final pages of the book all is calm and reverence. The painter is back at his Last Supper and the prince is in deep mourning for his adulterous wife who has been laid to rest in consecrated ground. But the dwarf knows that this mood cannot last. "If I know anything of my lord, he cannot spare his dwarf for long. I muse on this in my dungeon and am of good cheer. I reflect on the day when they will come and loosen my chains, because he has sent for me again."

Were I to sum up for the reader the flavor of this novel I could not do it better than to repeat a fable by Aesop which this book constantly recalled to me:

Two men have become known far and wide for their truly ideal friendship. The very gods are jealous and one of them is delegated to take care of this matter. He appears to one of the two friends and speaks as follows: "Such a beautiful comradeship as is yours deserves a reward from heaven. Therefore make any wish you please and it will be yours, and your friend will even

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get double what you have wished for."

The man to whom providence has granted so signal a favor, ponders what his wish shall be. A thousand pieces of gold? Why not at once a million? After all he has but to ask. Then why not a kingdom? Or even grander: why not power over kings: an emperior!—But as his imagination sweeps on and on, an annoying shadow accompanies his fancies: no matter what he may wish for, be it kingdom or a million pieces of gold, his friend will at once have two kingdoms. Or two million. At last in a fit of envious rage, he finds the perfect wish: he begs the gods to make him blind in one eye.

This will serve to give the readers of this review a conception of the bitter contempt for man expressed by this book. This attitude flows logically from the author's position: if man is but the battlefield between good and evil, and if he is now at the mercy of the one, now at the mercy of the other then is he not verily a contemptible thing whose good deeds are a mere decoy to entice the unwary all the more certainly into the swamp of evil?

And if this book ends with the dwarf in dungeon but expecting that surely some day his master will call him back into favor again, then is that not to say that all our fine resolves following World War II must as surely end up in a World War III, just as our good resolutions following World War I ended up in World War II?

Sophomores and reactionaries love this philosophy of contempt. The sophomores will get over it, but the reactionaries cling to it. With coarse laughter they will admit that they are themselves as contemptible as all the rest of us. "And now boys, since we've all let our hair down, and we know all of us are vile, let's grab our share while the grabbing is good." Such is the philosophy of Pegler.

In Talmudic lore the reason why God does not destroy the world is that there is at least one good man among mankind. The same reasoning ought to apply to a novel. In one of his studies Jung tells the story of a Catholic priest who was strangely preoccupied with the figure of Judas. He worried about Judas, wondering whether God ever could forgive him, and reasoning that if Judas had not betrayed Christ, then Christ might never have died on the cross and mankind never have been redeemed. Judas was therefore somehow a divine instrument. This priest was bold enough to carry his argument to the very highest councils of the Church and at last received permission to preach that an All-merciful God might even have forgiveness for a Judas. But lo and behold! Scarcely has our priest had his deepest wish gratified than he defrocks himself and abandons his vows. And Jung asks: is it not likely that the priest was so taken by the figure of Judas for so many years, because subconsciously he identified himself with Judas, and unknown to himself was already preparing long in advance his own forgiveness?

Sweden's inglorious role in the late war against the evils of Nazism is too well known to need detailing here. She earned herself a pretty penny making munitions for the Hitler machine that caused the death of millions of soldiers and millions upon millions of civilians, and the final toll, what with starvation and cold for this winter, is still not in. But if all of us have a dwarf of evil within us, then there's nothing to be done about it: why, even Leonardo da Vinci left off painting the "Last Supper" in order to design machines for war.

Is it too long a stretch to suggest that Par Lagerkvist wrote a novel about the Italian Renaissance for the same reason that a certain Catholic priest reached back for the figure of Judas?

GUY ENDORE.

Together for Freedom

IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, *by Chester B. Himes. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

BACK over a century ago—in 1801—an anonymous author, having been moved by the tremendous slave conspiracy engineered by Gabriel in Richmond the year before, published, in Baltimore, a scheme for the compensated emancipation and colonization of the Negro people. He included the latter idea, colonization, because of his own prejudices and because he knew, as he wrote, that "the Negroes if once emancipated, would never rest satisfied with anything short of perfect equality."

And in September 1865, having just achieved emancipation, 103 Negroes assembled in Charleston, South Carolina and, in a petition as yet unpublished, urged the State authorities—still Bourbon to the core—to grant "perfect equality for all men before the law."

This aspiration for equality, together with the power to reason from which it is derived and with which it is inextricably interwoven, characterizes humanity. And this drive, which cannot be uprooted and is denied only at fearful peril to the individual and to his society, is the theme of Chester B. Himes' moving novel. Throughout the book this is the strain that Bob—a young Negro war worker in a Los Angeles shipyard—stresses: "I had to know that Negroes weren't the lowest people on the face of God's green earth. . . . That's all I ever wanted—just to be accepted as a man . . . just a simple Joe walking down an American street."

Gabriel, and a thousand like him, living in a slave society, chose the most effective path open to them—rebellion. The South Carolina Negroes, having cast off their chains, chose the most effective path open to them—political activity; and for a generation they "stormed the gates of heaven" and bequeathed to us a memory still green.

Bob rejects the secret these ancestors of his possessed, and the secret which the disinherited of the earth must never forget—collective, organized action. At one point his tender, but agonizing, love for Alice almost brings him to it but not quite, and going it alone he smashes his brains and tears his heart bucking the walls of the obscene ghetto into which he and his people have been forced.

God knows these things happen in our America and Himes performs a service as an artist in once again showing us its hideous face. For Himes can write. The intensity of his feeling is clear and his prose carries this emotion across to the reader with an almost unbearable intensity. Structurally, the work is solid and believable—tragically believable, and no reader with a modicum of sensibility will soon forget the characters here presented.

But we say to Bob, and we say to Himes: others suffer, too, and others aspire, too. Come, in the name of humanity, come join hands with us. Add your strength to ours, and so lose your weakness and your terror.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

On Music

MUSIC OF LATIN AMERICA, *by Nicolas Slonimsky. Crowell. $3.50.*

MUSIC FOR YOUR HEALTH, *by Edward Podolsky, M.D. Ackerman. $2.*

THERE has long been a need for an intelligent and concise treatment of Latin American music. Nicolas Slonimsky's new volume, *Music of Latin America*, does not, unfortunately, meet that need. Slonimsky knows his subject as do few other contemporary musicians; but he evidently could not decide what it was that he wanted to do. *Music of*

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Latin America is a *pot pourri* of personal reminiscence, cursory sketches of the history of Latin American music, an encyclopedia of composers and an uncritical tabulation of compositions. It suggests many possibilities, but fulfills almost none of them. It touches on, but never seriously develops the following important themes: the contributions of the Negroes and the Indians to contemporary music; the influence of the Church; the status of the composer; the impact of political, social and economic life on the creative artist; the impact of the "left"; the conflict between the nationalist and the cosmopolitan trend in music; the folk element; the topical ballad and song.

As for Dr. Podolsky's *Music for Your Health*, it is an unscientific piece of persiflage on the theme: "Music is good for you." As a collection of anecdotes, the book is at times diverting; but as a serious treatment of musical therapy it is below the level of discussion.

FREDERIC EWEN.

Sahib in China

THE SMALL GENERAL, *by Robert Standish. Macmillan. $2.50.*

"THE SMALL GENERAL" is a melodramatic fable set in China. Usually a fable allows animals to behave like human beings. In this book it's the other way around.

It is true that there are a few pages in the book which mince no words about the imperialist domination, exploitation, and draining of the blood of China by all the big powers and some little ones. But in the main what we get is the sahib's condescension toward the colonial. Here is the author's defense: "It is not lack of sympathy with the Chinese which prompts me to say what I have said. The reverse is true, for I have a great love and admiration for the Chinese people, and enormous respect for their delightful faults." In other words, some of his best friends are Chinese. And then, as if he had not said enough, he writes of unity, "when it comes it will be the kind of unity which is founded on intelligence, not the kind of so-called unity which turns the screaming masses into robots." One wonders if Mr. Standish wears gloves when compelled to write the word "masses."

Glittering through the narrative like fishheads strung in the sun is a series of tabloid Confucius platitudes which no twelve-year-old could possibly fail to identify. The book had better been

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MACK ENNIUS.

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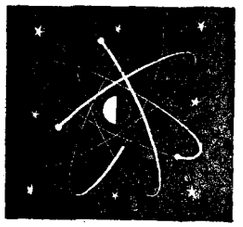

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MAKING THE MOVIES, *written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. McGraw-Hill. $2*. All about movie studios and what they do. Nice pictures.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

IN THE BELLS OF ST. MARY, RKO, director Leo McCarey, and Father Bing Crosby O'Malley of *Going My Way* renew their celluloid adventures in Catholicism (Music Hall). Despite the habiliments and locale it has as much to do with its subject as *Mexican Fiesta* has to do with Mexico. It is a neatly conceived poster designed to sell the movie idea for the reality. For all the references to parish problems and the occasional pietistic indulgence, its characters are strictly secular. Father Crosby remains Bob Hope's old sparring partner. The looks that pass between him and Bergman (who as the Sister Superior replaces Barry Fitzgerald as the protagonist of old-fashioned teaching methods) are supposed to be of an unworldly order, but their manufactured misunderstandings, their flimsy antagonisms, their optical caresses, and their personal appraisal of one another would suit the customary Hollywood romance.

There are humorous episodes, and Crosby and Bergman are ingratiating salesmen in the promotion of Hollywood's idea. But the product sold is something else. Faith can procure miracles, it can cure a heart ailment, goes the sales talk laughingly, in a tongue-in-cheek manner; and it maintains, also roguishly, that evil can be overcome by turning the other cheek. In the matter of formal education, however, there is no kidding around. On the bedrock of the parochial institution, the film contends that a child of proper spirit should never flunk an exam, no matter how much of a dope he or she is at fractions. The film does *not* show that most of the parish pupil's day is taken up with catechism and other subjects lumped under the heading of "religion." A student well up in religion will always pass, other scholastic requirements notwithstanding. In a roundabout way, the film seeks to justify this practice.

There have been complaints that Hollywood has been making too many pictures of the Catholic religion and not enough of the others. But if religious films are to be such rubber stamps it doesn't matter much what the label is. *The Bells of St. Mary* pretends to argue for good will toward *all* men. Well, the time has come for the film producers to really put up. The time was never riper for films dealing with interracial unity. I would like to see the representatives of the Catholic Church call for movies that will crusade for equality for all races and all religions. When that happens I will be persuaded that the present crop of religious pictures aren't instances of special pleading.

"APPOINTMENT IN TOKYO" is the official documentary of the Pacific campaign. It is too much of an outline in its treatment to have same impact as *True Glory*, nor does it have, in its separate incidents, the tension and shock of the smaller previous documentaries on Wake, the Marianas, or Okinawa. But it is valuable in its bird's-eye presentation of the strategy that (exclusive of the atom bomb and the entry of the Red Army) led to the Japanese surrender.

What distinguishes this film from other documentaries is the superb quality of its camera work. The photographers of the Signal Corps, the Army Air Force and the Navy seem to have got unusually close to their subject. Bursting planes scatter their pieces almost in the face of the camera. You see clearly the enemy trench and the exchange of tracer bullets. A GI directs a burst of machine-gun fire at an enemy position, and the camera gets to the spot while the hit Japs are still twitching.

The least attractive part of the film is that dealing with the surrender ceremonies aboard the *Missouri*. It is parade-ground ceremony, so formal as to appear stage-managed. General MacArthur, speaking into a mike, calls upon the various figures to sign the peace documents. These respond with the precision of trained actors. Then MacArthur closes the book containing the documents, and says in a measured voice, "the matter is now closed." I expected

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to see the Japanese officials, the performance being over, turn around and go home.

"Too Young to Know" (Strand) says that marriages made at too young an age land on the rocks. It also wants to know whether a child should be left in the home of kindly foster-parents it has got used to or yanked back under the parental roof. All the arguments on the subjects are voiced with an impartial lack of knowledge.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

"The Tragic Jest"

In Russia, during the first decade of the century, bloody pogroms were followed by the official prosecution of charges against a Jew for the ritual murder of a Christian child. This fantastic case aroused world-wide indignation and in the face of it the Czarist court was forced to acquit its intended victim.

With the bitterness of this outrage in his mind the great Jewish satirist Sholem Aleichem wrote a savage comedy, *The Tragic Jest*, which has become a classic of the Jewish Theater. Like Arthur Miller's powerful current novel, *Focus*, it makes its point by having the weight of anti-Semitism fall, through a "tragic jest," on a Christian.

It is this play that the Jewish Theater Ensemble of the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order has put on as its second offering, following its brilliant production of *The Downfall of Haman*, a festival play dealing with the defeat of an earlier Hitler in Jewish history. Produced as a pantomimic musical comedy, *Haman* was well suited to the talents of the director, Benjamin Zemach, the noted choreographer. For *The Tragic Jest* they are not quite right. The ballet-like movement and the over-gestured acting in some of the roles detracts from a sense of reality.

Nevertheless, there is an attractive saving spirit in the performance, and for that and the timeliness and power of Sholem Aleichem's satire the play is well worth seeing. It is being given in weekend performances at the Barbizon Plaza Theater in New York.

I. S.

Milhaud: Twenty Years

Milhaud's *Suite for Violin and Orchestra*, which Zino Francescatti performed at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra on November 20, and the *Suite Francaise* and *Le Bal*

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Martiniquais, which the composer himself conducted at the New York Philharmonic concert of December 6, are separated by a gap of more than twenty years from his famous *Creation of the World*. I speak of the older work here because a performance of it by Leonard Bernstein and the New York City Symphony enabled me to hear it on the same evening as the violin suite.

Much has happened in France since Milhaud startled the musical world with this adaptation of jazz and established the reputation of the "Six." Much has since happened to the "Six." The Nazi occupation, the war, and the movement of French Resistance have profoundly affected them—notably Poulenc, Auric and Milhaud. Their sense of responsibility to the people of France, their contact with them and their patriotism have been strengthened and deepened.

Under the impact of great events, Milhaud has turned back to the storehouse of French folksong (as in the *Suite Francaise*), and to West Indian native music (in the *Bal Martiniquais*). Both works are the products of a patriotic revival.

Yet, though the emotions which prompted them are praiseworthy, the results are disappointing, chiefly, I feel, because they are treated in a trivial and flashy manner, out of all keeping with the great events which inspired them. The materials are not sufficiently transfused. The same is true of the violin suite, which attempts to recapture the spirit of eighteenth-century music. It is sad but instructive to reflect on the fact that none of these compositions attains to the originality, freshness and intensity of the *Creation*.

BOHUSLAV MARTINU's new symphony (the Fourth) was given a magnificent interpretation by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra at a recent New York concert. The full resources of that incomparable body of musicians were required to meet the demands for massive sonorities and delicate tracery; and if these were all that a symphony needs, Martinu's composition might be considered first-rate. But wonderful sound effects and brilliant and decorative devices do not alone suffice. The something moving and convincing that the composer seems on the point of saying, remains unsaid, except in a few isolated and striking fragments. The main body of the work appears devoid of a central and unifying design.

FREDERIC EWEN.

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Records

VICTOR, too, now and then offers something unusual. Lovers of Bach and of the harpsichord will be happy to learn that the *Goldberg Variations* are now available to them in the recordings of Wanda Landowska. (DM-1022, six twelve-inch records.) Furthermore, they will be delighted by the technical artistry displayed and the mechanical excellence of the records. The harpsichord is not the most grateful instrument for a virtuoso, but in this performance Miss Landowska exhibits the mastery and understanding which endows this great work with fresh meaning.

Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra likewise come up to expectations in the *Rossini Overtures*. (DV-2, four twelve-inch records.) These are "unbreakable" records, and the unforgettable performance of the overtures to *The Barber of Seville, La Gazza, Ladra, La Cenerentola,* etc. (the labels are unreasonably polylingual) is enhanced by the almost complete absence of surface noises.

For the rest, Victor's most recent output runs along conventional lines. Claudio Arrau's interpretation of the Schumann Piano Concerto (DM-1009, four twelve-inch records), in which he has the assistance of Karl Krueger and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, is too dry and crisp for my taste, and the recording does not hold a candle to that made by Alfred Cortot some fifteen years ago. Yehudi Menuhin plays the Bruch Violin Concerto with real feeling and a rich and beautiful tone and is very competently supported by the San Francisco Orchestra led by Monteux. (DM-1023, three twelve-inch records.) And, finally, let me recommend James Melton's *Operatic Program* of arias from *Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute, Manon, Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*. Here is a rare and magnificent voice, employed with distinction and musicianship. (M-1013, three twelve-inch records.) F. E.

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(*Continued from page 16*)

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